

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.

FURNITURE.

J. M. HIGH & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS
—OF—
DRY GOODS

OFFER FOR THIS WEEK.

100 dozen ladies' hemstitched, colored bordered Handkerchiefs, at 3 1-3c each; worth 10.
2 cases ladies' Jersey ribbed Vests, low neck and sleeveless, at 10c each; worth 25.
200 dozen boys' unlaundried Shirts, linen bosoms and bands, at 25c each; worth double.
100 dozen men's unlaundried Shirts, New York mills, cotton, reinforced back and front, patent facings all round, felled seams, high grade linen bosom and bands, 50c each; guaranteed equal to any 75c Shirt in the country.

5,000 Yards White Lace Scrim

36 inches wide, at 4 7-8c yard; worth 10c.

100 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, taped borders and elegant designs, at 93c pair. We offer these to match any \$1.50 Curtain in Atlanta.

50 pairs Madras Curtains at \$1.90 pair; worth \$3.50.

500 CURTAIN POLES!

Oak, Ash, Walnut and Cherry, with best brass trimmings, at 42c each; worth \$1.00.

40 pairs Portieres, three yards long. Elegant Chenille Flowered Dado, at \$2.50; worth \$5.00.

200 pieces new spring Gingham, latest styles, 8c yard; worth 12c.

2,000 dozen Men's 4-ply Linen Collars at 10c each, fully equal to any 20c Collar on the market.

100 dozen Boys' Flanellette and Outing Cloth Waists, laced fronts, 25c each; would be dirt cheap at 50c.

5 CASES NEW SATINES,

Latest French Designs, Elegant Fabric, 12 1-2c yard.

500 Cartoons Ladies' fine Dongola Kid Shoes, Patent Leather tips, Opera toe, \$1.98 pair.

100 dozen Ladies' embroidered back 4-button Kid Gloves at 49c pair, worth 75c.

100 FRINGED TABLE CLOTHS.

Fine quality White Satin Damask, size 60 by 70 inches, at \$1.25 each, worth \$2.50.

200 dozen Turkish Bath Towels at 5c each, worth 10c.

New lot Ladies' Beaded Wraps at about half value, elegant goods, at \$2.50, \$4 and \$5.

75 pieces Silk and Wool Novelty Striped

Dress Goods!

40 inches wide, at 35c yard, worth 60c.

50 pieces new Plaid Sicilians, 36 inches wide, at 25c yard.

40 pieces new Bengaline Figured Silks, most elegant goods on the market, 25 inches wide, 75c yard.

10 pieces B. Priestley & Co.'s celebrated English Silk Warp Henrietta, worth \$1.25, at 87c yard.

200 dozen of the celebrated Star Shirt Waists for boys, at \$1 and up. Guaranteed the best waist on the market.

New Goods Opened Every Day.
J. M. HIGH & CO.

SPECIAL SALE

—OF—
FINE FURNITURE!

Chamber suits in mahogany, reduced 25 percent.
Chamber suits in walnut, reduced 25 percent.
Chamber suits in oak, reduced 25 percent.
Parlor suits, very fine, overstuffed, 25 percent off.
A large stock of medium and common furniture at a reduction of 10 to 20 percent.
These goods must be moved to make room for our large spring purchases. We haven't room to house the goods.

NEW INVOICES

OF

Seamless Matting, RUGS AND CARPETS.

Examine our immense stock of Moquettes, Brussels and Linoleums. We have had a splendid trade this week and intend to close out at least 50 percent of all these goods before we can place the stock purchased this spring. We are now prepared to furnish from stock, mantels in oak, cherry, birch and mahogany. Also mantels, cabinets, tile hearths and facings, grates, etc. We can furnish a house from top to bottom in every branch, and will submit estimates for large contracts. Our factory employs 80 hands and our retail store 20 more, and with this force we can take contracts that other houses are not prepared to do at same prices.

ANDREW J. MILLER & SON,
42 AND 44 PEACHTREE, 25 AND 27 BROAD STREETS.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Showing the Arrival and Departure of All Trains from This City—Central Time.

ARRIVE. DEPART.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA.

No. 3, from Savannah to Macon, Albany, Thomasville and Savannah, 7:00 am.
No. 15, from Griffin and Savannah, 7:00 am.
No. 20, to Hapeville, 8:00 am.
No. 11, from Jacksonville, 11:50 am.
No. 12, to Macon, Albany and Jacksonville, 12:00 pm.
No. 19, from Hapeville and E. Point, 1:50 pm.
No. 16, to Macon, Albany and Jacksonville, 3:00 pm.
No. 1, from Jacksonville, Savannah and Macon, 3:30 pm.

EAST TENN., VA. & GA. R.V.

No. 14, from Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 10:30 am.
No. 13, from New York, Knoxville, Nashville and Cincinnati, 11:50 am.
No. 11, from Cincinnati, Nashville and Knoxville, 2:00 pm.
No. 12, from Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 5:45 am.
No. 13, from Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 7:00 pm.

WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.

From Chattanooga to Marietta, 7:50 am.
From Marietta to Chattanooga, 11:40 am.
From Chattanooga to Marietta, 1:30 pm.
From Marietta to Chattanooga, 4:30 pm.
From Chattanooga to Marietta, 10:15 pm.
From Marietta to Chattanooga, 4:00 pm.

ATLANTA AND WEST POINT RAILROAD.

From Selma to Atlanta, 1:25 pm.
From Atlanta to Selma, 3:25 pm.
From Selma to Atlanta, 9:50 pm.

GEORGIA RAILROAD.

From Augusta to Atlanta, 8:00 am.
From Atlanta to Augusta, 8:50 am.
From Augusta to Atlanta, 12:10 pm.
From Atlanta to Augusta, 2:40 pm.
From Augusta to Atlanta, 4:30 pm.
From Atlanta to Augusta, 11:15 pm.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE.

(Richmond and Danville Railroad.)
From Washington to Atlanta, 7:10 am.
From Atlanta to Washington, 9:40 pm.
From Washington to Atlanta, 6:00 pm.

GEORGIA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From Greenville to Birmingham, 1:15 pm.
From Birmingham to Greenville, 5:00 pm.
From Greenville to Birmingham, 10:45 pm.

ATLANTA AND FLORIDA RAILROAD.

From Fort Valley to Fort Valley, 7:00 am.
From Fort Valley to Fort Valley, 11:50 am and 6:15 pm.
From Fort Valley to Fort Valley, 9:05 pm and 7:00 am.

*Daily, Sunday only. All other trains daily except Sunday. Central time.

CONTRACTORS ATTENTION!

WANTED—BIDS FOR
Excavating and extending Boiler Room of the Constitution Building.
Call at Office for Plans and Specifications.

ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying gloves remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like Hatch's than to pay a low price and get cheap gloves. Hatch's gloves are made from selected skins in the best manner and are warranted to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hatch's gloves in particular, enclose a stamp for the Hatch's gloves. It will interest you.

Peyton H. Snook

Remember, this week's drive in Grand Rapids
CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITS!

Over \$50,000 worth in stock. Nothing like such a cut in prices ever seen in Atlanta. Sideboards, Wardrobes, Hat Racks, Folding Lounges, Parlor and Drawing Room Suits, Book Cases, Desks, Easy Chairs, Brass Beds and Fancy Cabinet Goods. 300 Hotel Suits, Mattresses and Springs at less than Factory Cost.
P. H. SNOOK.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

DISSOLVED AND QUICKLY REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN. DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.
In Europe, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no connection whatever with any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CANNOT FAIL. If the growth be light one application will remove it permanently, the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS.—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard will find a permanent boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It penetrates the hair follicle or sac and dissolves the life principle, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00. Largest size bottle, containing three times as much Modene, and sufficient for any case, \$2.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence secretly private. Postage stamps received same as cash. (See ad on another page for full particulars.)
AGENTS: MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O. (GENERAL AGENTS AND ADVERTISERS)
If you can furnish your letters at any post-office and insure the safe delivery of them, we will send you a \$1.00 REWARD. To secure the public of the merits of Modene, we send with each bottle a legal notice of our agreement to forfeit \$1,000 to any purchaser if Modene fails to permanently remove the hair or disfigure the skin in the slightest manner, or produces any unpleasant sensation or feeling when applying or ever afterward. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED. (Cut this out, and send it to the nearest post-office.)
Feb 23—26 e sun 1 12 last wky 12t lam up half

The Atlanta City Brewing Co. Ahead

THE FIRST PREMIUM

For the Best Quality of Beer

Having been awarded to this, our Home Institution,

BY THE JUDGES OF THE PIEDMONT EXPOSITION.

To which fact we point with just pride. With vastly increased facilities and best improvements we are prepared to supply the increasing demand for our justly celebrated Lager Beer, brewed by our company, put up in kegs, bottles of half pints, pints and quarts, delivered to any part of the city or shipped to any point in Georgia and the south.
Best Canadian Malt, choice Bohemian, Bavarian and California Hops only are used for the manufacture of our Beer, and which are free for inspection to all at our brewery, corner Harris street and Courtland avenue.
Orders taken and promptly filled at No. 8, West Wall street. Telephone 1249.
We solicit the patronage of the trade throughout the south.

LUMBER.

"The World Is Wide and We Are All Here for Business."

ATLANTA LUMBER CO.,

OFFICE AND YARDS:

Humphries Street and E. T., Va. & Ga. Railroad.

TELEPHONE 897.

Lumber, Laths and Shingles!

CYPRESS AND YELLOW PINE SHINGLES!

"A" Brands Kiln Dried Dressed Flooring and Ceiling!

"AMOSKEAG" BRAND SHINGLES

Are the Best and Cheapest!

D. C. BACON, President.

M. F. AMOROUS, General Manager.

How a General Massacre Was Averted.

then occurred to Murrell the idea of organizing a wholesale rising of the blacks—no ordinary insurrection, but a well planned, systematic scheme to cover the whole country. As any overseers as possible should be brought to the organization. Trusted lieutenants should ingratiate themselves into the larger plantations and secure control. Discontented negroes should be carefully incited against their masters. They should be awakened to the fact that all the property around them was the result of their own toil, for which they had never been paid. It was theirs, and they should take possession of it. The white girls and women would be lured out to them by promises of marriage. This appeal to vengeance—supremacy—would not fail to work. In the meantime, the cities of Nashville, Memphis, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Mobile and New Orleans should be filled with the leading members of the clan. At a

An excited party of neighbors was gathered at the Henning house. As Stewart told revelation after revelation the men clinched their bets and their blood ran cold. Stewart's plan was to wait for more evidence, but the men were too excited, and would not listen to delay. They went to Murrell's house, and closing in on it, rushed in the door, and had the desperado bound before he could realize that was going on. He was brought to this

[illegible]

SIX TY STYLES IRON
FENCE, LAWN &
J. RICE, Atlanta,
Ga.

GRAVES

ame this paper.
an17 sun & wk 2tm

the engine, six and a half acres of land, a warehouse brick, with metal roof, good for \$35,000; a splendid opportunity for a cost of investment; come and inspect the property before day of sale. Gainesville, Ga., February 4th, 1924.

ROBT. E. GREEK, Receiver.

Name this paper, Jan 26 - 28th sun

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. A small, dark smudge or mark is visible near the bottom center of the page. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

CHICKAMAUGA

The Bloodiest Battle of the Civil War.

MASSING OF OPPOSING FORCES

As Described by Frank T. Ryan.

GENERAL PAT CLEBURNE'S FIGHT

The Carnage of a Field of Battle.

The following interesting account of the battle of Chickamauga is taken from the paper read by Mr. Frank T. Ryan, of this city, at the last meeting of the Fulton County Veterans association. Mr. Ryan was a gallant soldier and lost a leg in the battle of Chickamauga. Mr. Ryan's paper begins with the encampment of the command to which he belonged, the First Arkansas Mounted Rifles, McNeil's Brigade, French's division, Army of the Mississippi, around the beleaguered city of Vicksburg. He follows the movements of his regiment from Vicksburg, through Mississippi to Georgia, his command halting at Ringgold. His paper is principally devoted to the battle of Chickamauga, which is told in Mr. Ryan's own words, as follows:

On the morning of the 19th of September, instead of moving out at early dawn, as we had been accustomed to doing, when on a march, we lingered around, no signs of moving. We waited around, without anything beyond the usual occurrence, until about 8 o'clock, when we were informed that just across the creek, (Chickamauga) as we were on its banks, there were a body of federals, and we must dislodge them. Soon a battery was brought up and numbered, the cannon was rammed home, and the runner started out to apply the fire, when the adjutant general of General Hushong's brigade came riding up in a swift gallop, saying, hold! don't shoot. They are our men. A few moments more and we would have been firing into our own troops, had it not been for this gallant officer. It seems that he had been told that they were federals, whereupon he rode out near them to learn the truth, and had penetrated the woods far enough to learn who they were, and that they were a portion of General Bragg's army, and had come up in an opposite direction from us during the night, and were awaiting developments. This was a young man, this adjutant general, times during the day had been known to some daring deed. He rode a white horse, and was a conspicuous man, and, poor fellow, before the fight was ended, met a sad fate—was literally torn to pieces by a shell.

It must have been 10 o'clock before the fight proper began, and that was away to the right of us, on the extreme right of our army. After the firing was over, we moved gradually nearer and nearer towards us. We were in line and ready, expecting soon that our immediate front would be attacked. We were in the vicinity of Lee and Gordon's line, and it was not until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that we were ordered forward. The order was given—out step, arms at will—do not shoot—hold up your hands. In front, and we were merely going to their support. We had to descend a slight wooded declivity, into a bottom, or, for some distance, a piece of ground, just as we were about to descend into the bottom proper, my file leader, pointing his finger at an object in front of us, said: "Look! if that is a confederate flag, it is his life." He was right. It was a flag. He had scarcely spoken the words when, just ahead of us, arose a perfect wall of men, and the next instant there was a deafening roar, and we had received a most gallant and deadly volley from the federal ranks. It seemed that by some terrible mistake we had marched right up on an ambuscade; that we were not more than twenty feet from them when they fired into us. It was a most deadly volley. It killed instantly two men from my company, and wounded severely seven, and it was about that percentage of mortality and wounds in each company throughout the regiment.

As soon as we had recovered from our staggering fire, and had somewhat composed ourselves, the order was given: "Up and over the fire, and most effectively we did our work. I remember that next to me was a man, the brother of one of the boys, who was slain, and the sight of his dead brother seemed to stimulate him afresh, and he seemed to delight in seeing our enemies die. We drove them back, and continued to follow them up, thinking that those on our right were doing the same; but it proved otherwise. We had merely blocked out the width of our regiment, and our forces on our right had failed to do likewise. The federals had swung around and cut us off. Thus we were hemmed in, federals in front and rear. We had driven them from our front and rear. We were in a predicament where we were in; besides, we had been driving had fallen back to a battery of their artillery, and it now began to work at the bloody battle of Franklin, and when he received his mortal wound he was so far upon the works that his body fell over on the federal side of the creek. They cut his buttons off his coat and took other portions of his garments as trophies, but his body was afterwards recovered, and now lies buried in the little cemetery at Franklin, Tenn. He was often heard to say that if he did not succeed he did not care to live." He was a patriot, and died as a true soldier, at the front, in the very thickest of the fight.

The Battle of Chickamauga. The 19th of September carried forth, a lovely fall day. During the forenoon we merely loitered around, and speculated upon what was before us. In the afternoon, two or three other soldiers, and myself, were sent over to Coatsville Springs, which were about three miles away. We learned that it had been open for guests in the early summer, and the probabilities were that we would find some tomatoes, and the other late vegetables, and as our lot of fare did not include a variety, we were of the opinion that something of that kind would be found in the garden. We went to the springs and found it as we had been informed; tomatoes were in great abundance. Also some cabbage and other late vegetables. In the midst of this gathering, thinking how nice they would go to supper time, we were startled by the report of a cannon in the direction of our camp.

Snatching up what we had picked and putting them in our haversacks, we started hurriedly for our camp, there was quite a steep hill that overlooked the field in which our regiment was camped, and as we reached the top of it, we took along over a ridge, a distance below, we saw that our regiment was in line, with guns and knapsacks, as if they were ready for marching. Hastening on we were soon in the line, and we saw that they had been started and aroused from their inactivity by the same cannon that we had heard. It seemed that a federal battery had occupied an eminence in front of us, and had sent us a salute, that was probably the first gun which culminated in the battle of Chickamauga. It proved that some other of our troops, who were in front of us, had driven it off, and that our services were not then needed, for after remaining in line until about dark, we were ordered to stack our knapsacks and hold ourselves in readiness for a moment's warning. For the time we turned our attention to the vegetables we had gathered at the springs, which were quite a relief, and we were eating with relish, and we heard the usual time tape were sounded, and soon we had resigned ourselves to the arms of Morpheus, and I dare say pleasant dreams, little thinking what a terrible fate was in store for us. On the morrow, we were soon started, and it was not long after until we were in line marching out, and through the little town of Ringgold. From our movements, it was now a fight was soon to occur. We would move along for a short distance and halt, and about the time you had fairly set down, and had got yourself into an easy posture, the order would be given, fall in, forward, and then would move up a short distance and halt again, and so it would go, consuming an hour or two in walking a mile or two, at the same time you had been on your feet all the time, for you would scarcely sit down until the line would be in motion again. Of all the disagreeable and perplexing things, such marching is.

So we moved cautiously along, expecting all the time to encounter the federals. Occasionally we would hear, either to the right or left, a cannon shot, then a courier would come galloping by, bearing dispatches, and thus it went, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we left the main road, and diverged into an open field, where we found our townsmen, Captain Wm. Everett, with his battery numbered, and ready for action. He would occasionally order a shell to be thrown over into a clump of woods. We were told that there was a body of federals over in those woods, and that we would be forced to charge them. Preparations were soon made, all the supplies were soon deposited in a pile, and men left to take charge of them. The cartridge box was brought around in front, so as to be easily opened, guns were loaded, and seen that they were in proper shape, and the order given to charge.

Away we went across the Chickamauga, which meandered in and around everywhere, into the woods we went, where we found quite a steep hill, and was informed that at the top of the same the federals were ready to receive us. Up the hill we went, expecting every step to receive their volley, but on reaching the top we found only one or two dead federals. It seemed that Robinson's Texas brigade, had preceded us up and after a short resistance, had driven them away. After a short rest, we resumed our march, and continued it without the

slightest interruption until about 8 o'clock at night, when we halted, as we thought, for the night only, thinking that in the morning we would resume our march until we had formed a junction with General Bragg's army, which we thought was in the neighborhood of Lafayette. Little did the most of us think that we were then resting on the ground that would be so hotly contested for the next two days—that we were then on the battle field of Chickamauga.

On the morning of the 20th of September, instead of moving out at early dawn, as we had been accustomed to doing, when on a march, we lingered around, no signs of moving. We waited around, without anything beyond the usual occurrence, until about 8 o'clock, when we were informed that just across the creek, (Chickamauga) as we were on its banks, there were a body of federals, and we must dislodge them. Soon a battery was brought up and numbered, the cannon was rammed home, and the runner started out to apply the fire, when the adjutant general of General Hushong's brigade came riding up in a swift gallop, saying, hold! don't shoot. They are our men. A few moments more and we would have been firing into our own troops, had it not been for this gallant officer. It seems that he had been told that they were federals, whereupon he rode out near them to learn the truth, and had penetrated the woods far enough to learn who they were, and that they were a portion of General Bragg's army, and had come up in an opposite direction from us during the night, and were awaiting developments. This was a young man, this adjutant general, times during the day had been known to some daring deed. He rode a white horse, and was a conspicuous man, and, poor fellow, before the fight was ended, met a sad fate—was literally torn to pieces by a shell.

It must have been 10 o'clock before the fight proper began, and that was away to the right of us, on the extreme right of our army. After the firing was over, we moved gradually nearer and nearer towards us. We were in line and ready, expecting soon that our immediate front would be attacked. We were in the vicinity of Lee and Gordon's line, and it was not until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that we were ordered forward. The order was given—out step, arms at will—do not shoot—hold up your hands. In front, and we were merely going to their support. We had to descend a slight wooded declivity, into a bottom, or, for some distance, a piece of ground, just as we were about to descend into the bottom proper, my file leader, pointing his finger at an object in front of us, said: "Look! if that is a confederate flag, it is his life." He was right. It was a flag. He had scarcely spoken the words when, just ahead of us, arose a perfect wall of men, and the next instant there was a deafening roar, and we had received a most gallant and deadly volley from the federal ranks. It seemed that by some terrible mistake we had marched right up on an ambuscade; that we were not more than twenty feet from them when they fired into us. It was a most deadly volley. It killed instantly two men from my company, and wounded severely seven, and it was about that percentage of mortality and wounds in each company throughout the regiment.

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It must have been 10 o'clock before the fight proper began, and that was away to the right of us, on the extreme right of our army. After the firing was over, we moved gradually nearer and nearer towards us. We were in line and ready, expecting soon that our immediate front would be attacked. We were in the vicinity of Lee and Gordon's line, and it was not until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that we were ordered forward. The order was given—out step, arms at will—do not shoot—hold up your hands. In front, and we were merely going to their support. We had to descend a slight wooded declivity, into a bottom, or, for some distance, a piece of ground, just as we were about to descend into the bottom proper, my file leader, pointing his finger at an object in front of us, said: "Look! if that is a confederate flag, it is his life." He was right. It was a flag. He had scarcely spoken the words when, just ahead of us, arose a perfect wall of men, and the next instant there was a deafening roar, and we had received a most gallant and deadly volley from the federal ranks. It seemed that by some terrible mistake we had marched right up on an ambuscade; that we were not more than twenty feet from them when they fired into us. It was a most deadly volley. It killed instantly two men from my company, and wounded severely seven, and it was about that percentage of mortality and wounds in each company throughout the regiment.

As soon as we had recovered from our staggering fire, and had somewhat composed ourselves, the order was given: "Up and over the fire, and most effectively we did our work. I remember that next to me was a man, the brother of one of the boys, who was slain, and the sight of his dead brother seemed to stimulate him afresh, and he seemed to delight in seeing our enemies die. We drove them back, and continued to follow them up, thinking that those on our right were doing the same; but it proved otherwise. We had merely blocked out the width of our regiment, and our forces on our right had failed to do likewise. The federals had swung around and cut us off. Thus we were hemmed in, federals in front and rear. We had driven them from our front and rear. We were in a predicament where we were in; besides, we had been driving had fallen back to a battery of their artillery, and it now began to work at the bloody battle of Franklin, and when he received his mortal wound he was so far upon the works that his body fell over on the federal side of the creek. They cut his buttons off his coat and took other portions of his garments as trophies, but his body was afterwards recovered, and now lies buried in the little cemetery at Franklin, Tenn. He was often heard to say that if he did not succeed he did not care to live." He was a patriot, and died as a true soldier, at the front, in the very thickest of the fight.

The Battle of Chickamauga. The 19th of September carried forth, a lovely fall day. During the forenoon we merely loitered around, and speculated upon what was before us. In the afternoon, two or three other soldiers, and myself, were sent over to Coatsville Springs, which were about three miles away. We learned that it had been open for guests in the early summer, and the probabilities were that we would find some tomatoes, and the other late vegetables, and as our lot of fare did not include a variety, we were of the opinion that something of that kind would be found in the garden. We went to the springs and found it as we had been informed; tomatoes were in great abundance. Also some cabbage and other late vegetables. In the midst of this gathering, thinking how nice they would go to supper time, we were startled by the report of a cannon in the direction of our camp.

Snatching up what we had picked and putting them in our haversacks, we started hurriedly for our camp, there was quite a steep hill that overlooked the field in which our regiment was camped, and as we reached the top of it, we took along over a ridge, a distance below, we saw that our regiment was in line, with guns and knapsacks, as if they were ready for marching. Hastening on we were soon in the line, and we saw that they had been started and aroused from their inactivity by the same cannon that we had heard. It seemed that a federal battery had occupied an eminence in front of us, and had sent us a salute, that was probably the first gun which culminated in the battle of Chickamauga. It proved that some other of our troops, who were in front of us, had driven it off, and that our services were not then needed, for after remaining in line until about dark, we were ordered to stack our knapsacks and hold ourselves in readiness for a moment's warning. For the time we turned our attention to the vegetables we had gathered at the springs, which were quite a relief, and we were eating with relish, and we heard the usual time tape were sounded, and soon we had resigned ourselves to the arms of Morpheus, and I dare say pleasant dreams, little thinking what a terrible fate was in store for us. On the morrow, we were soon started, and it was not long after until we were in line marching out, and through the little town of Ringgold. From our movements, it was now a fight was soon to occur. We would move along for a short distance and halt, and about the time you had fairly set down, and had got yourself into an easy posture, the order would be given, fall in, forward, and then would move up a short distance and halt again, and so it would go, consuming an hour or two in walking a mile or two, at the same time you had been on your feet all the time, for you would scarcely sit down until the line would be in motion again. Of all the disagreeable and perplexing things, such marching is.

So we moved cautiously along, expecting all the time to encounter the federals. Occasionally we would hear, either to the right or left, a cannon shot, then a courier would come galloping by, bearing dispatches, and thus it went, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we left the main road, and diverged into an open field, where we found our townsmen, Captain Wm. Everett, with his battery numbered, and ready for action. He would occasionally order a shell to be thrown over into a clump of woods. We were told that there was a body of federals over in those woods, and that we would be forced to charge them. Preparations were soon made, all the supplies were soon deposited in a pile, and men left to take charge of them. The cartridge box was brought around in front, so as to be easily opened, guns were loaded, and seen that they were in proper shape, and the order given to charge.

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Had he not have been there to have rendered me the assistance he did, I would certainly have been burned, as some of the wounded were.

On the morning of the 21st, about 8 o'clock a. m., an ambulance came along gathering up the wounded. I was placed in it and taken to the rear, about three miles to a hospital camp. I had been examined by a surgeon, and he had made a diagnosis of my condition. My wound was a very serious one, and it was now nearly eight hours since I had been shot, and not the slightest attention had been given to me. An examination had been made to learn the extent or true nature of my wound. On reaching the hospital camp I inquired for our regimental surgeon, Dr. Hussy, who had solemnly promised me that in the event I was ever wounded, that he would make a critical examination of the same, and ascertain for certain that amputation was actually necessary, before I was to be sent to the rear. I had been promised him for the reason that I had seen so much unnecessary amputation that I wanted to know sure, should I be wounded, that it was actually necessary. Soon after reaching the hospital camp Dr. Hussy made his appearance, whereupon I reminded him of his promise, and asked him to examine my wound. During the whole time he was making the examination I was watching him closely, to see if I could detect any signs of his opinion, at the same time was questioning him. He made me no reply, but walked off and left me. Soon he returned, and examined me again, and then he made two had done, but made me no reply, and walked away without giving me any satisfaction. Soon Dr. Hussy returned, and said that a thorough and complete examination had been made to which I agreed, and remarked that I had a feeling of relief of the same. The doctor further said that the leg would have to be amputated, as there was a serious wound of the bone, and he was obliged to amputate it. He said: "There is no use of being in a hurry, is there, sir?" He quickly said: "Yes; it must be done at once; it has already been postponed too long, and should have had earlier attention."

Very near where I was lying was the so-called amputating table. It was constructed of two boards, one of which was raised at one end, was driven in the ground, with pieces laid across at each end; upon these, laid lengthwise, were small sapplings, a sufficient number to make it the proper width; over these were thrown a horse blanket, and the surgeons operated on. Already had they been at their bloody and ghastly work for one whole day and night, and beside this rudely constructed table, where the amputations were made, were the legs, fingers and other members of the body, that presented a sickly-looking sight; and to one who was about to undergo the same, it had a most depressing effect. The sight of the doctors, too, had a tendency to weaken the nerves. There they stood, with their coats off, their shirts sleeves rolled up to their elbows, their shirts and trousers bespattered with blood, with their sharp and glittering instruments lying around. 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DR. TALMAGE'S TRIP.

AN INTERESTING FINAL LETTER FROM THE EMINENT DIVINE.

Obstacles to Hotel Keeping in Damascus—Stupidity and Tyranny of Turkish Rule—Shopping Under Difficulties.

LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 25.—Dr. Talmage, in a recent letter to his multitudinous friends, has described in his own peculiar style our strange and interesting experience while sheltered from the inclemency of the weather beneath the roof of one of the many mud houses that constitute the ambitious Bedouin settlement known as "The Village of the Sun." So exceedingly solicitous of the reverend gentleman's welfare were the two sturdy wives of the host, that their bright eyes were continually employed watching his movements from an opening in the wall at the further end of the hovel, large enough to enable them to alternately poke their heads into the room itself, until the candles were extinguished, and ensuing darkness rendered futile further efforts in that direction. It was our first night in Syria and a never to be forgotten night it was.

Early dawn the next morning found us in our saddles ready for the journey to Damascus, the most ancient city on the face of the earth. We were on the most ancient of all highways, once the scene of the pursuit by Abraham of Chedorlaomer, and many centuries after of Saul's memorable journey while on his blood-thirsty mission to persecute and extirpate the early Christians.

We ascended a shoulder of Mount Hermon, eight thousand feet above the Mediterranean sea, and near the reputed site of the scene of Transfiguration. From this great elevation we enjoyed the command of our best view of Palestine. The Jordan and the Dead sea were plainly visible, while before us in the distance lay the great range of Lebanon, a spoon, and surrounded by those beautiful olive and orange groves which give color and substance to the claim that the garden of Eden occupied the very site. At our right Mount Hermon continued to rise five thousand feet higher than the place on which we were standing. A large portion of the snow-crowned summit was day by day melting, and thus, there to be flavored with lemon and orange and pineapple and melon, after which it is served in the daintiest of dishes to the inmates of innumerable harems. Nowhere in all Syria are the inhabitants more intolerant than in the villages that lie between Mount Hermon and Damascus, or more devout in their religious duties. The sight of a Christian immediately results in an explosion of manifestations of displeasure and contempt, and any expression reflecting on Mohammedanism is sure to result in an explosion of wrath. Everywhere we found Moslems engaged in prayer, and so formalistic are they in their devotions that they keep a strict account of the number of prayers offered, and should for any reason or other there be an omission of the numerous prayers required of the faithful, at the very next devotional exercise the service is repeated as often as may be necessary to make up for the deficiency.

IN DAMASCUS.

As it appears quite evident that we could not reach Damascus traveling in the customary gait, we were forced for a carriage to come and meet us at Katsana, near which, the inhabitants insist, is the site of Saul's marvelous vision and miraculous conversion to Christianity. While there may be some doubt as to the particular spot where that ever memorable event took place, there can be no question as to its having occurred somewhere in that immediate neighborhood, no other road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus. With the aid of the carriage, which came promptly as ordered, we were enabled to accomplish our object, and while the setting sun was gilding the housetops and minarets we rode along the banks of the Abana, that divides Damascus into its entire length.

The first impression one gets of Damascus is an exceedingly favorable one, and the principal approach to it is perfectly beautiful.

Even in December the luxuriance of the foliage of the gardens along which we passed to enter the city defies description, and the deep glades below the level of the well-graded road, which is completely shaded by majestic trees planted on either side, present a scene that an altar pen than mine may shrink from describing. A Mohammedan mosque stands at the very entrance of this approach, and here we are told the poor of the city at the expense of the church. It was already quite dark when we entered the city, and within a few minutes thereafter we found ourselves comfortably housed in the finest hotel Damascus can boast of. And no mean hotel it was. In fact, it was the first hotel since we landed at Joppa that had a comfortably warmed dining-room. After a sumptuous meal we lingered a while at the table and engaged with the host in a most interesting conversation, in the course of which he vehemently expatiated on the inclemency of the Turks and the insurmountable obstacles they put in his way. Among other things they refused him the privilege to have windows facing the street unless they were closely latticed, and hence the front rooms are almost entirely dark. Immediately off the dining-room he showed us another about fifteen feet square, which was rendered absolutely useless by an order of the governor to wall up the windows. If the Turks dared to do it they would repeat, he said, the massacre of 1860, when over 6,000 Christians were ruthlessly slain by merciless hordes, who first set fire to their houses and then hewed them down as they fled from the flames.

Although the largest of the cities of Turkey in Asia, Damascus is likewise one of the dirtiest and most fanatical, and yet, in spite of its filth, it is very attractive. Its bazaars are wonderful, and contain the most beautiful fabrics in bewildering profusion. But shopping is not enjoyable, as in our American cities. The ladies of our party were spit upon and frequently treated with other expressions of marked contempt because they appeared alone. Even the Turkish women, who are women join the men in these demonstrations, and a visit to any of the shops was sure to draw a curious crowd. Deformities of all kinds are exhibited, and the spectacles of elephantiasis, which causes limbs to swell to almost incredible proportions and covers them with sickening, festering sores, are exposed at the corners of the street. The appearance of most of the houses, from the curious illustration in the reply elicited by an inquiry of the writer as to the location of a bank. "There," said the host, "you see that house on the next corner? Well, right next to it is another with clean windows, and that is the bank."

ON THE STRAIGHT STREET. Naturally, the "Street called Straight," which is said to be the oldest street known, intersected Dr. Talmage's route, and thither we drove the morning after our arrival. It never was a very straight street, but recently it has actually been straightened out, and now deserves its name. A large portion of it is devoted to the use of shops, which form part of the bazaar, and is covered in order to make shopping practicable and comparatively pleasant during the rainy season. There, also, we found the shops, which form part of the bazaar, and is covered in order to make shopping practicable and comparatively pleasant during the rainy season. There, also, we found the shops, which form part of the bazaar, and is covered in order to make shopping practicable and comparatively pleasant during the rainy season.

No eastern city can boast of more minarets than Damascus, and five times daily the cry resounds from each: "God is God and Mohammed is his prophet," which constitutes a call to prayer to all faithful Moslems. Near every minaret there are shops for the sale of camel's meat, of which every devoted follower of the prophet makes a meal once each year. Huge sides of this meat are hung out and attractively ornamented with garlands of colored paper similar to those used for the ornamentation of Christmas trees. In addition, each quarter bears the government tax stamp imprinted in pink and plainly visible. The Koran prescribes the use of camel's meat, because Mohammed, when a shepherd frequently subsisted on it. It is very popular with the poor people on account

of its exceeding cheapness, and it is said to be as tough as it is cheap. We remained in Damascus three days and then left for Beyrout, the most Christian city in Asia, passing on our way out the spot where the Moslems claim that Cain slew Abel, and also the hill from the dust of which God is said to have made man, after consulting Mohammed as to the advisability of so doing, a project to which the prophet certainly must have been quite agreeable, as present circumstances seem to indicate.

THE WAY TO BEYROUT.

Probably the swiftest and pleasantest, diligence service in the world is that from Damascus to Beyrout. A French company owns and manages it, and it would be needless to say that this enterprise is in striking contrast to any enterprise conducted by the unspeakable Turk. The road between the two cities is in excellent condition and is a marvelous bit of engineering, crossing the mountains of Lebanon at a height of 7,000 feet. Six horses are harnessed to each conveyance, and these are changed every hour. The trip is of fourteen hours' duration, so that eighty-four horses are brought into use to perform its completion. With the exception of the beauty of the scenery, which increases in attractiveness all the way, there is nothing of special interest within the hundred and twenty miles along which the road extends. The villas which dot the approaches to Beyrout are surrounded by gardens of rare beauty, giving evidence of the good taste and ample means of their owners, most of whom are merchants in the city. The gas jets illuminating Beyrout were the first we had seen since leaving Athens. They afforded expectations of its appearance by daylight, which happily we found to be fully justified. Beyrout is a handsome city containing about a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, a large percentage of whom are Christians and civilized according to the highest European standard. These have gained a solid footing in Beyrout, which accounts for its being the most attractive city of all Turkey in Asia. Dr. Talmage was entertained royally by the American college, and during our stay preached in the American church to an audience so large as to severely tax the capacity of that handsome edifice. The date of the service was Christmas eve. Whether for this reason or in honor of the officiating minister I know not, but the church was decorated in a tasteful manner, and the music rendered during the service would have elicited favorable comment in any leading church at home. Mrs. William E. Dodge had arrived recently at Beyrout, on a visit to her son, who is the head of American church affairs in the city. She was delighted to meet Dr. Talmage, of whose movements she had kept herself well informed.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

On Christmas day we started on the journey homeward. Our party from those who had accompanied us in various capacities during our pilgrimage through Palestine and Syria was full of sadness and tenderness. The guide was deeply sad, and we shall never forget his prayer invoking for us divine protection and heavenly benediction during the remainder of our trip. After our property had been inspected and our baggage thoroughly overhauled by the revenue officers, who collected one-per-cent duty on all purchases made in their own country, we embarked in a rowboat and were taken to the Pandora for a seven days' trip on the blue Mediterranean. Three days would have been an amply sufficient time for reaching Constantinople by a faster steamer, but as passenger traffic between the two cities is but incidental, and carrying freight the main consideration, the ship stops at all ports of importance, and the cargo is exchanged as the demands of the trade may require. But a more interesting trip than this particular one, with its frequent interruptions, affording opportunities to go ashore and making observations on an average of once a day, cannot be imagined. Our first stop was on the island of Cyprus, where Larica, an interesting city of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, was the scene of a most remarkable event. The Greek church, which claims the tomb of Lazarus, here, of its attractions, was visited first. As it is said, Lazarus was buried after dying the second time, but the claim rests solely on unsupported tradition. After this we visited the scene of General Di Cesnola's exorcism,

which, we learned, were intradicted by the government. We bought a number of beautiful silver vessels, and a few of the few survivors of the energetic officers of the baggage matter. At Limasol, where we did not disembark, we enjoyed the pleasure of receiving on board the Greek brig for each one, but, during the balance of the trip, treated us to Moody and Sankey's hymns, sung in modern Greek. Between Limasol and Smyrna, the next stopping place, lay Rhodes and Patmos, (this is the island on which St. John wrote the Book of Revelation) and Samos. Every moment of the time not necessarily required for refreshment and sleep was spent on deck, with Dr. Talmage as a commentator, the islands and hills of the prospects opening before us were repopulated as of old and their glorious history re-enacted. The weather was always grand and the scenery enchanting. Frequently away off among the mountains rainbows took their start and rose in graceful curves along the sky, further ornamenting and beautifying what nature had already rendered bewilderingly glorious.

We reached Smyrna about 9 in the morning, just too late to catch the train to Ephesus. But sure a trifle as this did not at all discourage us from making good our intentions of visiting a city of such great importance in Scripture. We chartered a special train and telegraphed in advance for horses and lunch. At half past 9 our train started, rushing along with all the noise and confusion of a lightning express and the speed of an ordinary American freight train. We arrived at Ephesus at distance of forty-eight miles, at twenty minutes past 1. Soon after reaching the hotel we were seated on six of the most miserable horse-drawn carriages that can be seen in the use of which we agreed to pay one dollar each. On our return after two hours, we men found ourselves each compelled to pay a dollar and sixty cents for the hire of each horse, and horses ridden by the ladies of the party. When we remonstrated with our host on the overcharges, he quietly informed us that the use of horse-drawn carriages was the only mode of conveyance that one could use, and that the price did not include the hire of the saddles, which were three francs for an ordinary one and five francs each for those used by the ladies. I give this in illustration of the trickery of the Turk.

THE VISIT TO EPHESUS.

A visit to Ephesus pays. The old Roman aqueduct, with its innumerable stark nests, is the first object of antiquity that one sees in the city. After that there is no end of attractions. Even the very hedges team with broken statuary and choice specimens of sculpture, which stand as common stones. The gigantic ruins of the Temple of Diana are imposing in the magnificence of their proportions, and their magnitude we found to exceed all that we had seen elsewhere. In comparison with them the Parthenon of Athens is a village to a city. Two hundred and twenty years were spent in building the structure, and its known edifice has ever equaled it in dimensions or grandeur. Beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art abound in the ruins. The ruins of the theater, which was once the scene of the great use in recorded in Acts xix, enable one to form a pretty definite idea of what the building must have been at the time when it had a capacity for over fifty thousand visitors. And the stadium, or race course, afforded accommodations for no less than seventy-five thousand spectators. It still exhibits the terraces, which were cut in the rock for the convenience of its frequent use. But I must not linger longer amid the ruins.

After an excellent lunch, of which various delicious preparations of rice formed the principal part, we again boarded the train and returned to Smyrna, where the glad news awaited us that the Pandora would not resume her trip until the following day. This afforded us the opportunity of viewing the city. We found Smyrna a delightfully clean and attractive place. Dr. Talmage visited an every day mission where he charmed the audience with his matchless eloquence.

The next morning found us at Mytilene, where the American consular received us cordially and insisted on showing us around. He pointed out the Constantinian Valiadis, the Greek archbishop, and to Fahri Bey, the Turkish governor. The former of these dignitaries conversed with us in German, and insisted on our partaking of Turkish Delight, the most popular because the most delicious

of sweets, recommending it as a sure cure for dyspepsia, with which he had heard the American nation particularly afflicted. The governor, who was fairly covered with diamonds and other precious stones, spoke perfect English. He invited us to inspect the Turkish fortress at Mytilene. Before we left he sent one of his servants out into his garden to pick the choicest oranges, which included, as a matter of course, the delicious mandarin variety, for our refreshment. At all these places we had recently visited, Paul had stopped. In Ephesus for three years he "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." From Mytilene he sailed to Samos, and thus pursued his journey to the end. How full of interest these places were to Dr. Talmage only he himself could tell. He delighted to roam about in them, and he habitually those passages in the Bible which made references to them. In the train on the way to Ephesus he read aloud the entire Epistle to the Ephesians, explaining its meaning as he proceeded.

Of our subsequent travels in Europe there is no necessity that I should write, the cablegrams published in the newspapers having kept the public fully informed regarding them. I therefore end here the recital of my experiences on his traveling companion with Dr. Talmage on his recent tour abroad.

—LOUIS KLORSCH.

LEMON ELIXIR.

A Pleasant Lemon Drink.

For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Elixir.
For indigestion and palpitation of heart, take Lemon Elixir.
For sick and nervous headaches, take Lemon Elixir.
For sleeplessness and nervousness, take Lemon Elixir.
For loss of appetite and debility, take Lemon Elixir.
For fevers, chills and malaria, take Lemon Elixir.
Dr. Mozeley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidney or bowels.
Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozeley, Atlanta, Ga.
50c and \$1 per bottle, all druggists.

Lemon Hot Drops.

For coughs and colds, take Lemon Hot Drops.
For sore throat and bronchitis, take Lemon Hot Drops.
For pneumonia and laryngitis, take Lemon Hot Drops.
For hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases, take Lemon Hot Drops.
25 cents, at all druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozeley, Atlanta, Ga.

Spring Samples.

For suits to order now ready. George Muse, tailors sun.

Capitol Avenue Lots For Sale.

Capitol avenue is to south Atlanta what Peachtree is to north Atlanta. It is a most beautiful and aristocratic street. Such men as J. W. Rankin, John A. Fitten, D. A. Beale, Henry Hillier, Thomas S. Swift, H. M. Pa. y, George Muse, Dr. R. H. Catchings, Captain J. M. Ponder and J. M. Brodus, have elegant residences on that street. This street is destined to be one of the most beautiful in this city. The seventeen lots that are offered for sale on Wednesday at 3 o'clock, are situated at the junction of Georgia and Capitol avenues. All of these lots with the exception of two, are immediately on Capitol avenue. They are simply perfect. Don't forget the day of sale. Go out and see what vast improvements are being made in that locality.

Wait for Us.

Our tailoring department will be ready shortly. Eisenman Bros., 17 and 19 Whitehall street.

We, the undersigned dress-makers, in the city of Atlanta, recommend the dress-cutting system introduced by Professor D. I. Lewis, and known as the Lewis system, to be the best and only perfect fitting system we have ever used. Mrs. A. M. Renwick has the state agency and is prepared to give lessons on dress-cutting by this system at her residence, 124 W. Mitchell street. Measures taken and patterns cut on short notice.
Mrs. M. Renwick, Miss C. A. Todd, Mrs. W. I. Thomas, Mrs. A. E. Hagland.
Feb 23 sun

THEIR GREAT SUCCESS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley's Opium and Whisky Cure—Some Points About It.

THE CONSTITUTION has from time to time referred to the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Woolley's medicine. It is with pleasure that we notice this gentleman in his laudable pursuit. There is no more dreadful disease on the face of the earth than the opium and whisky habit. It has blighted more happy homes, produced more suffering and filled more graves than any other disease. Its effect upon the human system has called for legislation from both our state and national governments. It has called forth the strongest energy of our best men, yet has never been successfully conquered. The person who can mitigate or lessen the effects of this disease should be counted a philanthropist. In all the wide range of human skill there is no one who has done more in our estimation for the relief of the opium and whisky drinker than Dr. B. M. Woolley of this city. The doctor has devoted his life to the study of opiates on the human system. He has spared neither money or time in investigating this matter and has found the means that should be used in relieving the suffering. It is true that a large class, in fact the majority, of people condemn in the strongest terms a whisky drinker and opium eater. They have very little patience with them and abuse them without mercy. Dr. Woolley takes just the opposite view, and it is useless to show a fair-minded and practical man that his view is a just one. Sympathy has a great deal to do with a person who is sick, and is found a potent factor for good in their recovery. Dr. Vassar Woolley, who has been identified with his father for a number of years, is one of the most skillful men in the profession. He is a young man of liberal thought, a well developed mind, and is wonderfully successful in the treatment of the opium disease. He, like his father, considers the condition of the opium eater and whisky drinker a disease and not a habit. All patients are treated that way, and there is wherein they have been so successful and have cured so many people.

Dr. Woolley treats all his patients with the greatest care, and prepares his medicines suitable for their condition. He does not put up a cure and send it out indiscriminately for patients, but he first diagnoses each case, then prepares medicine suitable for them. This is the only successful way a patient can be cured.

He has wonderful success, and has cured thousands of people. He has certificates from people, not only in the United States, but in almost all foreign countries.

Dr. Woolley is considered in Atlanta one of our leading citizens and has the confidence and respect of all our people. He has lived among us for a number of years, and has affected many cures here in this city. Those who are suffering from the opium and whisky habit can write him and he will take pleasure in giving them all the information possible in regard to their cases. If your friend is afflicted with this disease let the doctor know it, and it may be his salvation. Dr. Woolley has won a national reputation, and those who entrust themselves to his care will be treated faithfully.

Fine Havana Cigars.

We have lately increased our facilities and are prepared to supply the constantly growing demand of our fine Havana cigars. Both our large Corones and the small size Corones challenge the finest brands imported from Cuba.

Smokers should bear in mind distinctly that no fine Havana cigar is fit to smoke unless it is made by hand. Having an experience of twenty years in the business we can say the Spanish method of making cigars by hand is perfect; in fact, it is an art in the highest sense of the word.

In making recently our annual purchases of Havana leaf tobacco, we took particular pains to select just such qualities of leaf suited especially for this market, namely: a thin silky leaf; rich in color, not too light or too dark; mild and sweet in taste, coupled with that brilliancy of fragrance which is an exclusive property of the very best Cuban leaf tobacco. There is nothing better about this genuine Vuelta Abaja leaf; it has not the slightest touch of rankness, and mark well, it does not make you dry in the throat neither does it bite your tongue when you smoke it.

Our cigars are for sale in all first-class drug stores, cigar stores, saloons and restaurants, and the trade is supplied from the factory at No. 2 Edgewood avenue, corner Peachtree street, by
A. L. CUESTA.
sun tue sat
dec 22—sun 1

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Co. Leaders of Low Prices.

VOL. 1. FEB. 23, 1890. NO. 25

Browsing over the advertisements in last week's newspapers, one was forcibly reminded of the humorous philosopher's remark that, "it is better not to know so much than to know so much that is not true."

Between the ethics and the facts we were sorely tempted to a homily concerning the imminent danger to which much advertising exposes Truth. We forebore. However, it is important to remember that Fashion makes the literature, not Literature the fashion. Therefore, when fashion scribes try to pass off their own conceits as the dictum of dress, beware, you may be disappointed.

This is true of the general tirade against Wool Dress Stuffs for Summer use. Banish wool dresses entirely from the Spring and Summer! You cannot do it. Style, the taste of every clever woman, the need of every proper wardrobe protests, forbids.

But then the would-be executioners of wool dresses haven't read the latest cablegrams from Paris.

If you want to know, go to the counter that holds the Novelty Robes. Your request is the sesame that will open up a rich display.

You'll see perfectly quaint things. The mind of man never before conceived many of the effects of which we try to write.

There are borders and bayderes, panels and all-overs, and various sorts of designs for waists. Appropriate names for such beauty have yet to be made. And colors! The pen halts. A great orator is said to make statistics eloquent, but he'd pause when he tried the fine art of language on these latest fractions of delicacy in color. Vive La France! Only France can give tints caught from a cloud edge or the inmost shading of a flower.

On Sunday last we announced the arrival of a rare and elegant lot of Robe Patterns.

Monday they had quite a levee. The usual adjectives of admiration were liberally bestowed upon them. Quite a number left us, but the choice is still complete. These increased by the recent comers make an exhibit well worth viewing. Prices from \$9 to \$24.

Unheralded legions of yard-goods. If we could only tell of them all. The goods that don't get told of are frequently the jewels of the stock. There are imperative, commanding things that come to the front naturally, but most of the dress stuffs advertised are culled at random. Specimens, samples, the skirmish line of the great army behind.

Mohair Brilliantines. They are mighty in the world of dress this season, and of all the impressive collections you'll find nothing in simple style more taking. Lustrous and fine. Shades that varying lights cause to change.

German Suitings. Rivals of the Scotch Plaids and stripes in the softest Spring tints. Abbottsford and Melrose, the Grampian Hills, the River Tweed, all come to mind as you look at them. This time the Saxon has caught the Celt. The price is a proof of their origin. You'd never get the Scotch so cheap, and they are just as good.

Again, this Fancy Dress Goods Stock, its magnitude and variety.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

The truth you'd call hyperbole, plain facts exaggeration.

Black Dress Goods.

Black as a Spring color is a contradiction, but the stuffs, light and airy as a materialized aspiration,

take the heavy appearing color and make it popular for Summer fabrics.

You can never fully know the possibilities of Black as a dress goods color unless you get acquainted with our Black Stuffs for Spring. There is a calm and graceful repose about the handsome things in Black. Black may be rusty, but cannot be tawdry. Black may be a part of the shabby genteel, but can never be degraded.

Silk-and-Wool.

Henrietta, Tamise, Drap d'Alma, Mohair, Camel Hair, Clairette, Sicilian, Venetian.

All-Wool.

Cashmere, Albatross, Serge, Nuns' Veiling, Mohair, Surah Twill, Merino, India Cloth.

There is no equal variety in Atlanta. The claim is big. The stocks warrant the largest use of language.

Taking big lots does wonders with prices sometimes. That's the point of as interesting a Surah story as we ever told you: A cute buyer makes free with money values and scoops over four hundred pieces in a fashion that brings them to your service at less than cost of manufacture.

They are here now. Will they be here next week? That depends. If the news spreads and the weather is right, they'll be gone. The leading shades of the season. Price 48 cents. It's poor economy to think of going elsewhere than here for Surahs.

Faille Francaise. Another handsome line of just-opened goods gets its peculiar prettiness from the delicate colorings—leaning to fawns and tans—also gayer hues. Rich in lustre, new, fresh and far better than formerly despite the advance in raw silk prices. Only 98 cents. Such material at such a price will surely not go a-begging for takers.

Challis. Prettier than ever. Their counter looks like a garden patch in mid-June.

Roses and lilacs and poppies, and all the sweet circle of buds and blossoms are there in wreaths and bunches or scattered singly on grounds ever so creamy. Their dainty, billowy folds are ready to lend lightness and beauty to dress or tea gown.

Ombre Sateens.

They courtesy to you with winning grace.

The equivalent for ombre is tinted, or shaded. In this case it's both.

There's a difference between tint and shade which is more than technical. One is the gradation of color in lightness; the other—well, it isn't that.

The first of a series of lovely French Sateens on the counter tomorrow.

Such melodizing of colors in an ombre is as rare as it is beautiful.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

Lights and shadows. The contrasts are charming. Looks like the tremulous glint of a sunbeam about to dissolve.

The range is remarkable. Indescribable variety of a dozen trademarks from 12½ cents to 40 cents per yard.

Challis and Mohairs, Gloriosa or anything else may come like the cohorts of old, but we remain true to Gingham. Wherever Cotton holds Court Gingham rule the hour. The products that come from the land of the thistle are in the ascendancy. They are magnified, set on high, and without a peer in the Cotton realm.

From the modest, artless blue-and-white check they've been elevated to the most regal and bewitching of all textiles.

We are persistent and urgent in bringing Gingham to your attention thus early because now the stock is complete. They have been a raving success already.

Two hundred pieces Scotch, as many or more of the unyielding Yankee. A contest of races and nations for supremacy.

Galatea Stripes, Cunard Plaids, Dungaree Borders, Jacquards, Chene with lace effect, Marmion Checks, and numerous designs, more than you could suspect, think of, or ask for did not the suggestion come from us.

Think of quarter, third or half saved on just the Hosiery you'd choose. Women's, men's, or children's. We tell of some of the sorts.

Plenty more behind them. Maybe the biggest bargains remain untold.

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose; sanitary dye, absolutely fast colors; only 25 cents per pair.

Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose; new shades, ribbed and plain; prices 40c, 50c and 65c.

Ladies' Spun Silk Hose; black only; price \$1.00.

Ladies' Fancy Striped Cotton Hose; in six handsome styles, beautiful colorings, 35 cents.

Hosiery for Children of gloria dye; in Jersey and Derby ribbed; single and double knee.

A early season chance. We show Monday, for the first time, a great quantity, new in design, perfect in form, excellent in finish, strong in structure, low in price.

Kabo never works up or down or breaks. If it does in a year, you shall have your money back, and we mean it.

The steels may break—the best of steels have their limits of strength. But Kabo has no breaking-limit; it doesn't break at all.

And the Kabo Corset is perfect in form.

We have a primer on Corsets for you.

Embroideries. A dynasty of dainty things. Flouncings or narrow Edgings, either show new beauties at every seeing. Lovely styles are all the time coming into sight. Poems—essays might be written of them. But we spare you.

Women's Muslin Underwear is again a center of special interest. Extraordinary value in every item. And not a bit of trash in any of the lots.

Ribbons for dress brighteners. There are beautiful new comers in troops in every case and at the counters. These treasures are no-

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

for dull, slow-pulsed people. Out of place there, incongruous. Graceful, tasteful and at half or third under the ruling rates. Sparkle and boldness abound here where new colors bid so strongly for your favor.

Winter trade has expired. We square away at Spring business. Each day of the season will, we expect, mark some new statements of ours that ought to interest, perhaps inform you.

Ours to pay the printer for telling. Yours to read.

Our part will be done—well done, we think. Yours—you must settle that.

Keely Co.

Southern Hotel,

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

RATES \$2.00 AND \$2.50

J. H. CLANCEY.

Fine Sample Rooms in House.

Come now and have your Photograph taken by J. J. FABER, 28 1-2 Whitehall street. Long Experience. Fine work. Reasonable prices. Engagement made by telephone No. 269.

INSURANCE STATEMENT.

New York Life Insurance Co.,

WILLIAM H. BEERS, PRESIDENT.

Summary of Forty-Fifth Annual Report.

JANUARY 1, 1890.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	\$ 24,585,921 10
Interests, Rents, etc.	4,577,345 14
Total Income	\$ 29,163,266 24

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Death-Claims and Endowments	\$ 6,252,095 50
Dividends, Annuities and purchased Insurances	5,869,026 16
Total to Policy-holders	\$ 12,121,121 66
New Policies Issued	39,499
New Insurance Written	\$151,119,088 00

CONDITION JANUARY 1, 1890.

Assets	\$105,053,600 96
Divisible Surplus, Company's New Standard	\$ 7,517,823 28
Tontine Surplus	7,705,053 11
Surplus, by State Standard (4 per ct.)	15,600,000 00
Policies in Force	150,381
Insurance in Force	\$495,601,970 00

PROGRESS IN 1889.

Increase in Interest	\$ 303,653 06
Increase in Benefits to Policy-Holders	1,148,331 61
Increase in Surplus for Dividends	1,716,819 01
Increase in Premiums	3,458,330 35
Increase in Total Income	3,761,983 41
Increase in Assets	11,573,414 41
Increase in Insurance Written	26,099,357 99
Increase in Insurance in Force	75,157,000 00

*Exclusive of the amount specially reserved as a contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund.

†Over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.

Livingston Mims, Manager Southern Department, Atlanta, Ga.

VALUABLE LAND!

To Be Sold at Administrator's Sale

Property Belonging to Estate of the Late JUDGE CLARK HOWELL.

COURT HOUSE OF FULTON CO.,

Atlanta on First Tuesday in March.

The land belonging to the estate of the late Judge Clark Howell will be sold at administrator's sale on the 4th day of March next, during the legal hours of sale, before the courthouse in Atlanta. The land lies between Atlanta and the Chattahoochee river.

The Following Tracts Near the River!

88 acres in portion of land lot No. 233, laying near Nancy's creek, and 102 acres in north portion of land lot No. 218, bounded by Nancy's creek on the east, by Park Woodward land on south, and by the original land line on west, about seven miles and a half from Atlanta. Good farming land—well timbered.

The Following Land on Peachtree Creek!

160 acres, more or less, in land lot No. 155, bounded by lands of the Foster factory, the old Howell mill place and Peachtree creek. This lot is situated on the north side of Peachtree creek, is well timbered, with good bottom land well watered, and fine land for fruit and truck growing. Five miles from Atlanta.

188 acres in land lot No. 144, adjoining land of Wesley Collier on Peachtree creek, one mile and a quarter from Richmond and Danville road, very near Peachtree road, which is the extension of Peachtree street. This lot is covered with fine forest trees, is probably the best timbered lot near Atlanta, has fine springs, good bottom land on north side of Peachtree creek. Only four miles and a half from center of Atlanta.

60 acres in the south half of land lot No. 154, bounded on the north by Howell's mill road, on the south by the old Howell homestead place. Just five miles from the center of Atlanta. Fine for market gardening.

50 acres in the southeast corner of land lot No. 153, adjoining land of J. M. Alexander on the west, on the north by Mr. Garnett, on the east estate of Collier. About four miles from center of Atlanta.

5 acres on Howell's mill road, adjoining land of Mrs. Galliland and J. M. Alexander; near four mile post.

All above described land will be sold to the highest bidder on day of sale without reserve or by bidding. It comprises some of the most valuable unimproved land near Atlanta, and a part of the land has never been on the market before since the administrator's sale of Elias Campbell, about thirty years ago. The balance of it was purchased by Judge Howell in 1853.

Now is the time to buy for investment. On a large part of the land the timber has never been disturbed, and is covered with original forest growth.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third cash, one-third six months, one-third twelve months, with interest at eight per cent.

For further information apply to

ALBERT HOWELL,
Union Ticket Office, Passenger Depot, Atlanta, Ga., or
CHARLES A. HOWELL,
Howell's Mills, Fulton County.

THE CITY HALL.

JUDGE PENDLETON AND JUDGE ANDERSON RESIGN.

**Judge Pendleton to Accept a Position in the
Legal Department of Two Railroads—
The Police Commission.**

Hon. John T. Pendleton, assistant city attorney, will send his resignation to the general council at its regular meeting next Monday.

So will Judge James A. Anderson, auditor and recorder.

Judge Pendleton resigns to accept a position as

These changes were arranged yesterday. Tuesday last, Judge Pendleton was offered a local attorney for the Central and the Atlanta and West Point railroads, and Judge Anderson leaver the police court bench to secure Judge Pendleton's position.

position in the legal department or the two roads, and on Thursday decided to accept it. That day he had a long conference with Hon. John B. Goodwin, city attorney, informing him of his determination to resign. Mr. Goodwin regretted to lose his assistant, and asked him to keep his

secured. Mr. Goodwin then began looking for some one sufficiently familiar with the city's business to whom the position could be tendered, and finally decided upon Judge Anderson. The position was tendered the judge, and yesterday morning he accepted it, and will enter upon the duties just as soon as Judge Pendleton's resignation is accepted by the council and the vote of the body can be cast for him.

The salary of the assistant city attorney is \$2,600, and the chairman to whom Judge Pendleton will be assigned will bring him a somewhat finer income.

Judge Anderson's pay as auditor and recorder is \$2,400, but the duties he will assume as assistant attorney will give him more time for the practice.

The change breaks a slate which has long been known as the political power in Fulton. Judge Fulton has been connected with the law department of the city for many years, and has been a valuable assistant to Mr. Edwin. Judge Anderson has been recorder for about the same length of time, and has been Mr. Fulton's associate with precision and exactness.

Judge Anderson's recognition leaves a position open for a lively contest for the judgeship. There are now a dozen candidates in the field, and it is expected that the contest will be very close before the election. Among those now mentioned are:

Mr. James F. O'Neill, one of Fulton county's representatives in the last legislature, is being urged by Mr. Fulton.

Mr. Ernest C. Kontz, one of the attorneys for the Fulton Car company, than whom Atlanta has no more successful lawyer.

Mr. Andy E. Calhoun, well known as one of Atlanta's leading young gentlemen.

Mr. J. M. McCall, a prominent member of the council from the first ward, and father of Hon. J. M. McCall, the present member of congress.

Judge J. M. Bateman, of the firm of Hinsley & Bateman.

Mr. J. W. Howell C. Erwin, member of the water board from the fourth ward.

Mr. J. M. Smith, a long time resident and attorney of Atlanta.

Mr. Charles K. Maddox, the able and successful member of the board of fire wardens.

the fourth ward, and who recently ran for council and was defeated by Mr. Hendrix.

Mr. Hendrix is a native of this city, and so faithfully served the city in the police department.

Police Commission.

The race for two police commissioners took place next Monday morning. The contest was a close one. Among those who are mentioned for the race are: J. W. Hendrix, George W. Hendrix, W. Venable, W. H. Brotherton, W. S. Grainger, John A. Calvin and George M. Hope.

THE BLOOD

May Be Your Ruin—Find Out What Is the Matter and be Treated.

Flies (Hemorrhoids) are blind, bleeding, and protruding; all produced by the same causes, which are constipation, irregular habits, natural weakness (hereditary, etc.). They are generally unobserved (dangerous) until they enlarge the life or health from loss of blood. They are the

operation of bowels, cancer, stricture of same, together with fistula in ano, and all their fearful results. I have seen many persons who have been so afflicted to take such chances? You may dread the severe operation you have been told was necessary, but I assure you that the operation I have recommended for all the suffering you may have formerly have had to undergo can now be avoided. My mode of operation is simple, safe, and is attended with very satisfactory, and will not confine you one hour to your house, detain you from your business, or rob you of your usual mode of living. I have directed the attention of this matter until life is a burden to you, or you will act wisely and at once? If you do not, I will be obliged to you to send me the information you may want, and will cheerfully do so. Many of my patients have told me that they were cured, and on application I will furnish you their names. My success in the treatment of these diseases has been the last eight years of my life in the study of these diseases, and their cure, and devoting my time entirely to the study of the diseases of the bowels, and is invaluable in the successful management of all cases.

For any of these troubles I will treat you, promising to give you all the money I can for all the positive results. For further particulars call on me at my office or write for information. Always give me your name and address, and I will give you on a reliable answer. Respectfully,
su we fr nol 47 1/2 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

One Hundred Lots Near Denver, Colorado, Free.

Desiring to advertise our New Addition exclusively, we have condensed to give away 100 choice lots, all of which will sell at \$1000 each, at \$600 each, and 100 corner lots, 50x125 feet, for \$8 each. The lots are being given away and selling as follows: The lots we are giving away and selling are in Mainland, the new suburban addition on the Ford Road, just west of the Denver and Pacific Railroad from the union depot at Denver, Colorado, now a part of 150,000 lots, 50x125 feet, and 100 other corner lots are 25x125 feet. Every purchaser will get 1,000 per cent in one year's time. We will not sell a lot for less than \$1000.00. The lots are given away. We keep every other lot. Now is the time to get your lot. Put your name in the drawing. A grand barbecue and auction sale of lots in June. If you desire a free lot send 4 cents for a free copy of our prospectus. Write on a registered letter. We refer by permission to

Address Plannet Addition Company, Castle
Rock, Colorado. Feb 22-23

Get a Present.

The Overland Tea company is doing a rushing business at its recently opened place of business on Peachtree street. The presents in the packages of tea and coffee are quite a drawing card, as well as the quality and cheapness of the goods themselves. Diamonds and all sorts of handsome and valuable presents are given away to purchasers. Early everybody gets something valuable, and the company is more than liberal in its distributions. The presents are all that is claimed for them, and the tea and coffees are as represented.

Special.

From now on fancy and plain ice creams,

ever, at Lagonarinsino's, telephone 365. All eggs, chocolates and nut bon-bons made fresh daily by the Parisian professional. Hippolyte Manca, at Lagonarinsino's. All causes, pastry and ice cream are made under the personal supervision of Mr. Hippolyte Manca, the Parisian expert.

WHAT

SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

CONSUMPTION SCROFULA BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS

Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.
Many have gained one pound every day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulat-

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Whites and pure Norwegian Cod
liver Oil, the potency of both
being largely increased. It is used
by Physicians all over the world.
PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.
COTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.
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A BEAUTIFUL PLACE,

WHERE SOME OF OUR BEST CITIZENS LIVE.

And Where the Tired Business Men Repair When Their Day's Labor is Over—The Beauties of Inman Park.

The man who lives in the cottage shown just below had all these things in his head when Edgewood avenue was partly crooked old Foster street, and partly a conglomerate of ugly buildings and ugly shanties. In his mind's eye he saw this park three years or more ago, and from it looked down over the beautiful avenue to the city, picturing to himself the time when he could step in his carriage after supper and glance down that long boulevard, dazling with electric lights, to the opera house, where he would seek an evening's entertainment.

He could hardly have pictured to himself a more beautiful scene than that which bursts on his delighted vision now. Even the boulevards of Paris or the far-famed Elysée avenue, to which Governor Gordon compared this one on its opening, though older and at present flanked on its inner end by more imposing structures, cannot offer all the advantages of Edgewood avenue; for in those precincts, so long held sacred to the uses of the elite, electric cars are held to be profane.

Happily no such superstition stands between Atlanta and Inman park.

But these cars do not carry a man to the theater alone. The churches and schools are all quickly accessible. From the park you can see almost every spire in the city, and a man cannot say that he is too far from church, no matter what denomination claims his attendance.

If a northern girl lived anywhere near that lake shore she would be out rowing almost every day. If you notice, the girls who live anywhere near lake Chautauqua, Niagara or the Hudson river, they have arms like a physical culture woman. There is a peach bloom on her cheek that the physical culture women do not necessarily have. They get a great deal of good out of it, but there is something in the open air and the cool bracing breeze that paints the cheeks of a girl in the same subtle art by which corn tassels get their complexion, roses get their rouge and the lilies get their eyebrows penciled.

But a southern girl, if she lived near that lake, would be likely to make her escort do most of the rowing, though she might occasionally feather an ear long enough to get the



roses out on her cheeks, and send the hyacinths into blushing retreat under the folds of her beautiful hair.

But where you put lakes any girl in the world will learn to row after awhile, and some of them will teach the young men how to handle their cars. Almost any Atlanta girl would jump at a chance to get in the same boat with a young man—not on his account at all—but just to show him what her physical culture is worth.

Your physical culture is a good thing, my lady, but there is as potent a medicine in the handle of an oar as there was in the Indian clubs mentioned in the Arabian Nights. It is not there unless the oar is out in the open air and the enlivening light of the sun. The scientists have never been able to tell us just what magic connection there is between the sunlight and a baseball bat or a tennis racket. Little boys who live in the country know something about the philosophy of an ax handle or a cross-cut saw, but people who live about cities know more of the value in health units of the great American sports. It is not worth while to talk about baseball to the ladies, except to say that if they desire to see a game they will find it in easy reach of the park. But as for tennis, they will find it in the park, where they will be perfectly at home, and there will be no arbitrary umpires to spoil the fun. They can find a delightful place, with not too many spectators, and plenty of beaux. There will be beaux there because they follow beauty, and girls who grow up in such beautiful surroundings must partake of the general effect.

By the way, did you ever notice the coquetish way in which a girl playing tennis will



send a ball over the net, and then send a smile after it? If the young fellow on the other side is at all susceptible he will try to catch the smile and lose sight of the ball.

This fully accounts for the wild playing of so many young men. When you get tired of tennis, there are delightful nooks and by-ways about the falls, almost under the cascade, where the game may be continued, and the susceptible young man need not bother about tennis balls, although he may occasionally have to look out for a racket.

Did you ever stand off at safe distance and see a train go by with a rush and a roar? If you did you know what a fascination there is in a living, moving thing. How wonderful is the effect when the shrill neighing of the iron horse wakes the stillness of some quiet place, where even the bees have muffled their wings while they go soft shod over the honey laden flowers. There is a constant pleasure in surprise and an unending satisfaction in curious contrasts. To be in some secluded spot, where you are hedged about with calm, and the forest trees bend down their sheltering arms about you, while the little leaves clap their hands above you, gleefully shaking their dewy gems till they scintillate in a myriad light and the sun, at a sudden change of the angle of vision, makes rainbows all through them so that the tree

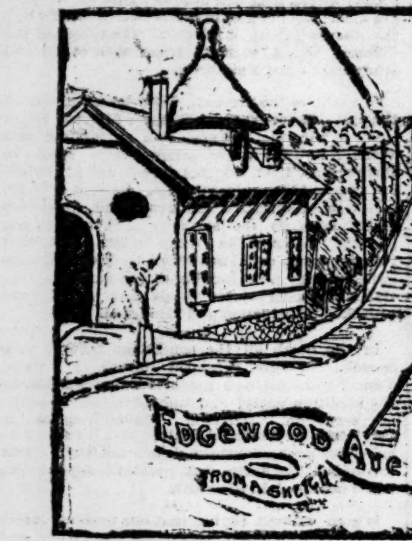
blooms out with a sudden fringing of rubies and amethyst and garnet and pearl—when a touch of the foliage of Eden comes back and your senses reel in the dazzling light, then in that far off seclusion, there is a sense of satisfaction in seeing the hard-pressed teams of traffic go pasting by, where you can safely see their labor and sweat and toil, and thank heaven that you are safe beyond the reach of all that vanity and vexation.

So many have been looking after Inman park lots the last few days that it looks like the prettiest ones will be taken before the auction.

"I don't care to take any chances on the sale," said one of the last purchasers, as he bought a beautiful corner at \$35 a foot. "I would rather pay the price than risk the bidders putting it up when they get here."

That is just it. When the crowd gets out to Inman park, there will be a rush for the choice of lots.

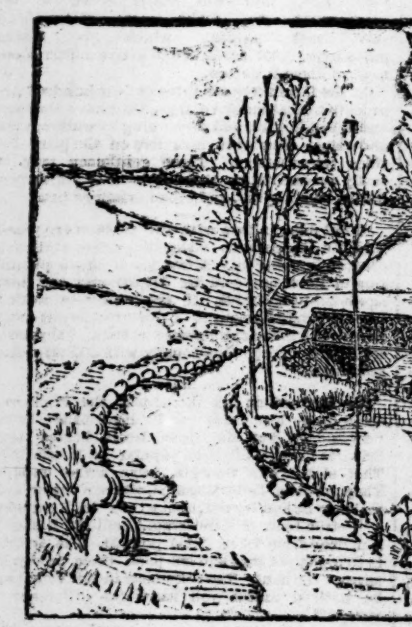
The way people buy at such sales is remarkable. Wherever you show a man anything prettier than most people can get he is after it, whether it is a pretty girl or a beautiful home. There is so much in a home to attract a man that he would die for it, and there is so much in surroundings to make a home attractive that a man will pay almost any price for surroundings. Virtually he pays his good neighbors to live by him and they pay him to return the favor. You may go about a city and



see streets of about the same situation, one selling for fabulous prices and the other not bringing a quarter as much. Why is it? There is not much difference in location; they may not be a quarter of a mile apart, and one may be as elevated as the other. The difference is in the houses and the people that live in them. There are a few rare people who can make a cottage seem a palace, and everything about them seems to bloom. If there are a few flower pots, they appear to be a whole conservatory, and the odor of good deeds and refinement fills the air. But as a rule such people live in comfortable houses if they can and make them actually beautiful if it is within their means.

Besides this, there is a great deal in the houses themselves. If a house is a thing of beauty it beautifies the street, no matter how ungenteel and uncouth the people who live in it. Sooner or later if the vandals do not burn it up, a good house is likely to be filled with good people. The mean people will get too mean to stay there and the good people will somehow get into better quarters by and by.

By the way, did you ever think what is the



effect of beautiful houses and beautiful surroundings upon growing children? The placid bosom of a lake reflects the floating clouds above, and the long limbs of the trees, with their most feathery foliage, are penciled out upon its unblemished surface.

"The summer dawn's reflected hue To purple changed Lock Katrina blue, And the pleased lake, like maiden coy, Trembled, but dimpled not for joy."

Even so the light and shadows find reflection in the pellucid mind of infancy and untroubled youth, but unlike the mobile waters of the lake that sensitive reflector photographs each image and puts away a negative in some pigeon hole of the brain, from which, at memory's demand, it brings forth things new and old.

So it is that beauty and poesy bloom in the free air of field or wood and by the bounding cadence and the flowing symphony of the stream. When all the fruits of civilization and the refinements of the city are brought into the pure air and freedom of a suburban retreat, beauty and poesy and all the daughters of music flourish. These are some of the influences that impel people to such lovely places as Inman park. They may not reason it all out, but they know it instinctively, and a man turns to the pure air and beautiful surroundings as naturally as an imprisoned bird flies to its native wood.

To pay \$2,500, \$3,000 or \$3,500 for a half acre at Inman park is not paying too much for a home where you can get out of sight of your sordidness and let your taste and your aesthetic nature develop and expand. It will delight you, when you become a sturdy old oak, to see the young vines growing up about you and entwining your rugged and gnarled life with a thousand graceful tendrils of ornament and affection. If you are not given over to money getting you will think about this before you get to the meridian, and you will begin to lay plans for such a home. But if you are given over to the pursuit of the almighty dollar, you will be

likely to go out there any hour, for Inman park offers inducements to investors and all those who hope to profit by a rise. The results of the sale on the 28th will show this.

But what is the use of talking about all this when the park is within seven minutes' ride of the city. If the time is not a serious obstacle, there is nothing else between you and this haven of rest but a five-cent fare, and surely you will not stop at that. If you do you would better not tell it, for your neighbors might think you are too stingy to live and bury you alive to prevent a perpetuation of such an undesirable breed.

There is one more thing that ought not to be forgotten. When you buy a lot you need to have an eye to the grade. It costs a great deal to cut dirt and a great deal more to move it. Sometimes you grade a lot at heavy expense, and after a while the city comes along and cuts down the street so far below you or fills it up so far above you that great additional expense must be met in order to get the place in an inhabitable condition.

All these things have been looked after at Inman park. The streets have all been brought to a permanent grade, and the lots have been brought into proportion. They are ready for house building, and the cost of all this preparation is included in the price of the lot. The company did it on a large scale for less than you could do individually, and did it better, because they controlled all the neighboring lots, and not one was sold until all were graded.



It is no small thing to get your lot well soded with blue grass. It would cost you a great deal to take a bare hill and cover it with that verdant carpet. In looking at the prices per foot you should not forget that all this has been done and the lot awaits occupation.

It is hardly necessary to say anything more about Inman park to a man who has eyes and can see for himself. The only thing is that some have not been there and of course there are none so blind as those who are a mile or two away. They are likely to come, though, on the 28th, and then all those who have not been out before will reproach themselves for their failure to live up to their privileges. The owners of the place have not yet found it necessary to charge admission, though they might reasonably claim to give value received for an admission fee, and it is not likely that they will ever put up toll-gates to keep people out. They believe that it is the duty of every good park as much as the duty of every good woman to be beautiful, and not to hide its light under a bushel. Therefore Inman park wears no veil over its face, though it is beautiful as a girl in her later teens.



TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

Mr. DeGivie is determined to Thwart the Speculators.

Manager DeGivie is determined that the speculators shall not gobble up the Jefferson-Florence tickets.

Mr. DeGivie was given an intimation that this was to be attempted and he made up his mind to prevent it, if possible.

Such occurrences in the past have created great dissatisfaction, so the management has decided to sell the seats to the highest bidder at 10 o'clock, Tuesday morning, in the opera house.

This step is not taken for the purpose of extorting money from our citizens, but to give a tortoise to every one to get the seat one wants without having to pass the night on the opera house sidewalk.

Lost. A set of drawings, on paper, between Richardson and Rawson streets. Return to H. Crankshaw & Co., 175 South Forsyth street, and receive reward.

W. F. Parkhurst. Accountant and commercial examiner. Partnership books and public officer's accounts examined and settlement made. References furnished. Office 27½ Whitehall street.

Sam'l W. Goode & Co. Sell at Auction on Tuesday a choice home, No. 363 Whitehall street. Lot 75x130 feet.

PERSONAL. M. M. MAUCK, wall paper and paints, paper hanger, house and sign painter, 27 E. Hunter.

DECORATORS IN FRESKO—Paule, Schroeter & Co., 6 North Broad street. Relief ornamentation, fresco, painting, etc. Paper matched and cast plaster Paris.

C. J. DALIEL, furniture, wall paper, window shades, 42 Marietta street. Telephone 77.

Mr. J. EDGAR THOMPSON, one of the most prominent young business men of the city is now connected with the real estate firm of W. M. Scott & Co.

Dr. KING, the discoverer of King's Royal German, has moved to this city and will make it his future home.

A New Novel. Speaking of Ellen, by Albert Ross, author of "His Private Character" and "Thou Shalt Not." Price 50c, by mail 10c extra, for sale by John M. Miller, 31 Marietta street. feb23

Choice Whitehall Street Home at Auction. Tuesday at 3:30 p. m., No. 363. Sold positively to highest bidder. Sam'l W. Goode & Co.

Wait for Us. Our tailoring department will be ready shortly. Eisenman Bros., 17 and 19 Whitehall street. fri sun tea

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ATLANTA'S MUSICIANS

SOME OF THE NOTABLE ONES AND WHAT EACH ONE HAS DONE.

Musical Affairs of the Ante-Lent Season—They Were Replete With Gems and Were Highly Enjoyed.

Atlanta is a great musical center. This fact may not be always apparent, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. If we had here a music hall, where our artists could be heard to advantage, it would do much to popularize music, and to acquaint us with our own distinguished artists, whom the world delights to honor.

It has been said that classical or chamber concerts would not be appreciated in Atlanta. To know that this is no true, we have only to remember the large and attentive audiences which greeted Mrs. Madden in her late concert, where a programme severely classical was presented. Mrs. Madden is a thorough music lover, who has always been a favorite with Atlanta audiences, because of her faithful and conscientious work for music. It was a source of regret that severe indisposition, which has prostrated her ever since, caused her to relinquish on that occasion a part of her programme.

Mr. Sternberg is one of the great solo pianists



of the age, who, however, highly we may appreciate him, is less honored at home than abroad. He has a reputation on both sides the water, and is considered an authority on musical affairs. In listening to him play one feels that "it is not in the voice, it is in the cunning instrument that the thing called music hides—it is the uncreated intelligence of tone that genius breathes into the created elements of sound."

Mr. Sternberg's memory is wonderful, and his repertoire practically exhaustless. Whenever he plays in the great cities of the north and east, as he is frequently invited to do, he is heard with respect and enthusiasm. He is also a successful composer. More than six hundred copies of his "Ave Maria," recently composed, have already been sold.

Mr. Barill is also a great artist, who numbers his admirers by the score. He is a real patrician in music, and his piano playing may be likened to poetry in literature. He rarely plays in public, but when he does he never fails to impress his individuality upon the audience. Mr. Barill is also a popular composer of rare merit, whose "Cradle Song" alone would have made him one of the immortals. This matchless composition has gone through many editions and has even been translated into a book written about it!

Miss Emma Hahr is a pianist of distinguished ability who has played everywhere, almost the world over. Miss Hahr has frequently had royalty for an audience, who manifested to her in many ways that nothing is so truly royal as genius. It is wonderful to see a frail and slender girl with a technique clean and brilliant enough to belong to a veteran, and a muscle of which a slinger might be proud, gather up whole handsfull of melody and toss them about as a wanton child at play with flowers. And it is done with art so delicate and skill so intricate as to charm even one without soul.

The numerous festivities that crowded thick upon the beginning of Lent culminated in three brilliant musical entertainments—Mrs. Steele's musicale, and the meeting of the Musicale club on Monday evening, and the drawingroom concert of Mrs. Rankin on the afternoon of Tuesday.

Mrs. Steele's home is one of the most beautiful interiors in the city, filled with rare and costly objects of art, and no hostess better understands the delicate art of making her guests feel at home. The preparations for the musicale in honor of Mrs. Wadley were very elaborate. Dainty programmes, with the names of the musicians, were presented to each guest.

When the guests had arrived the programme, replete with gems, was carried out without intermission. Mr. Barill played two Beethoven sonatas, which particularly suited his style. Mr. Barill was heard with great pleasure as it was the first time his friends had enjoyed that opportunity for some time.

Mrs. Warner sang some lovely songs and ballads with true artistic feeling. Mrs. Barill, Mr. Blumenfeld, and Mr. Kay also added to the rich programme.

The meeting of the Musicale club at the residence of Mrs. W. L. Peel furnished an evening of rare enjoyment to the large company present. This hospitable house has long been a popular resort for musical and literary people, where the true artist is ever sure of a cordial welcome. The spacious music room is the central one of five large apartments, in the focus of which stands the perfect toned concert piano. The programme bristled with genius which would have done credit to any concert company. Among the most enjoyed of these were the lovely trio sung by Misses Alexander and Thomas and Sternberg with great style and sweetness, and the brilliant and ever popular Zigzetto quartette, sung by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Kendrick and Mr. Burbank. Mr. Hugh Gordon's noble baritone was heard to great advantage, and Miss Moore's bird-like soprano was much admired.

Mr. Sternberg, who is an honorary member of the club, graced the occasion with his presence, and Miss Hahr, who was the special guest of the evening, delighted the company with some of her beautiful piano solos.

Mrs. Rankin introduced quite an ovation at her beautiful Tuesday luncheon by concluding the delicate feast with some equally delicate music. Mr. Natrop Blumenfeld, whose elegance of manner and refined and spiritual face gives evidence of the soul which he puts into his violin, gave the two score of ladies present some chaste little bits of Hungarian dances, haccoroles, minuets, etc. Perhaps the most admired of his selections were the Song to the Evening Star, from Tanhauser, and Cavatina by Bohm. Miss McLaren then favored the company with a piano solo, selecting, with the rare tact which distinguishes her, the old fashioned but always beautiful air "Home, Sweet Home," which she played with great feeling.

Mrs. Rankin's home is one of the most elegant and commodious in the city, and one well suited to artistic entertainments. The walls of the music room which is on the second floor, are decorated with miniature musical instruments.

MARK TWAIN'S HOME

MRS. WALTER GORDON AT THE AUTHOR'S RESIDENCE.

The Home-Life of a Man Whose Every Word Has Been to Drive Away Shadows—A Talk With Twain.

ELMIRA, N. Y., February 19.—Editors Constitution: During the lonely hours spent in my room while in the terrible clutches of that dread disease, influenza, my heart turned with longing to the warm-hearted, cordial friendship of those at home, and was overflowing with love and loyalty to my dear southland. After reading the notorious speech of Mr. Ingalls, and many discussions on the "race problem" from the pens of numerous editors who displayed their ignorance of the real situation in the south, and after wanting to make a law that no man should become a member of the grand profession of journalism until he had traveled through the south and mingled with her people, and carefully studied her hopes and fears and plans, I had about decided, with our philosopher "Bill Arp," that "it was a serious question whether to read or not to read—the newspapers." While in this maelstrom of doubt—whether to spare my feelings or be ignorant of what is going on in the world, my mail was brought in eagerly, was the wrapper around THE CONSTITUTION torn off, and its pages were scanned with loving interest, feeling that here at least was a congenial spirit from the land I loved. It was something akin to an unexpected stab from a friend, when I read my seeming heartlessness proclaimed in the pitiful story of poor, timid Mrs. Donegan, when she applied to Warden Hunter for shelter and protection, giving as her reason for such friendliness, that "Mrs. Walter Gordon, with whom she had lived, had left and closed up her house, and thus she was left homeless." In her confession and love and anxiety for her husband, who had so prolonged his hunt, her awkwardness of expression did me an injustice, for I left her with her husband on my little country place, and as she could not stay alone, she was advised to go to her relatives till his return. To my fevered brain it seemed that the king of ghosts was shrieking in my ear.

"While he danced and he yelled, keeping time, time with a sort of rummy rhyme, to the tune of Poe's 'alarum bells'—with a 'clamor and a clangor,' he cried: 'Heartless! heartless!! heartless!!!' Well, sensitive souls will always suffer from being misunderstood as long as the world stands."

To speak of a more pleasant subject, I want to tell you of my visit to "Mark Twain's" summer home, which is in the suburbs of this city. It is built on a hillside overlooking the Chemung valley, the winding river and the city, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, which is one of the most beautiful that I ever saw. No wonder that that great humorist catches inspiration from this view, and the ever-changing lights and shadows and glad glow of the hills—God's "moments." The cottage is a simple, comfortable, and is framed, painted brown. It nestles in a home-like way, among the many large trees on whose boughs swing, untroubled, the singing birds. I never forget to have flowers, which our own Maude Andrews calls "the soul of home," and next to our loved ones they are.

As I stood on the long, very broad veranda, drinking in the grand view and thinking of this man who makes this place his summer home, and here coins sentences whose happy wit has swept away so many shadows from the hearts of his fellow creatures, I wished that I might know something of his home-life, whether he was skirting in his nature there. I had to ask about it, and was told that he idolized his family and made much amusement for his children, giving each one a pretty Shetland pony, and doing many things every day for the happiness of his three girls. At the birth of each child he bought a stone watering trough for the county public road, and inscribed on it the date of the child's birth, his study and "workshop." It is an octagonally-shaped, rustic, many-windowed room. He said of this room to a world reporter: "I think it is one of the quietest spots on the face of this globe; still I have had trifles in it."

Shortly after it was finished and I had begun work on a drowsy summer day, with nothing to break the stillness but the peaceful chirp of humming insects, quieter than song, I was aroused by a tremendous snorting and squealing and grunting. I looked down the hill and found that our nearest neighbor, a farmer, had established a hog orchard where I could get all the benefit of it. The sounds those hogs made when they quarreled, and the smells that floated from them on the soft, southern breeze, drove me wild. Work was impossible. I went over to the farmer's house, and bought all of those hogs and his right to keep hogs forever. A few weeks after that another chorus aroused me, and there were six guinea hens squaking to one another in the place where the hogs had been. Well, the farmer said he had paid a quarter a piece for them. I offered him a dollar a head for the lot and reserved the privilege of never seeing or hearing them again. He agreed. Three days later I was disturbed by the same cackling and clattering, but much more of it, and looking down the hill I found that the farmer had invested my money in four times as many hens.

In the haste of my bargain I had overlooked specification of all future hens. "This is a new trade," said I, and I made it. The farmer, a well-meaning man, next indulged in a flock of sheep that skipped as near his workshop as possible and ate grass and bleated loudly at intervals. I bought mutton. The quiet has been preserved around that hill now for sometime, but one by one nearly all of the farmer's rights have been extinguished." He said to the reporter that he did his writing here, that he only worked three months in the year, five days in a week, and four hours a day, from 11 to 1 o'clock. He advises not to be in a hurry to do too much, but work regularly. He does not think the prose writer has to wait for inspiration. He wrote "Innocence Abroad" in sixty days, and he said to the reporter: "I would not dare do it now; it would break me down." He said that he wanted to say some spiteful things in "The Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and "when a man has that to do, it is apt to make him hurry." In speaking at length to this "World" reporter about charges of plagiarism, he said: "Do you suppose this great old world can keep on revolving thousands and thousands of times, without turning out the same old thoughts again and again? They will be modified each time by the individual who thinks them, but the germ itself is never new. I laugh every time I hear the idiots jackass in a charge of plagiarism against somebody or other."

His winter home is in Hartford, and his near neighbors are Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, (who is now in a distressing mental condition), and Charles Dudley Warner. It is said that the inscription over the hearth of his study there is: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it," and on the wall, in a frame, hang the \$200,000 and \$150,000, which show Mrs. Julia Dent Grant's profits from Mark Twain's publication of General Grant's book. His wife was Miss Alivia Langdon; her family are wealthy and prominent people in Elmira. It is denied that Mrs. Clemens has written a book. I saw her photograph. She has a strong, refined face, and the loss of her little one, the only son, has left its impress of sorrow on the sweet, pretty face. Her friends say that she has a peculiarly charming manner. The Clemens family will spend next summer in Paris.

Elmira, as the home of Governor Hill, will be a place of interest to you. He comes from Albany, where he presides over the affairs of this great empire state of the north, here to vote. In asking about him, I do not forget that I am speaking to his political opponents, and that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Even his enemies say, "he is a moral gentleman, and a fine, shrewd lawyer." (I did not like the word shrewd.) However, they are almost pleased at the possibility of one of their citizens being president of the United States. Of course they ask which we prefer, "Hill or Cleveland?" and the reply is that we admire Hill, but we have tried Cleveland, and he was not found wanting, and then we love Mr. Cleveland, with his winsome tact and lovely womanliness.

LOUISE M. GORDON.

UP ON FIFTH AVENUE

A PEN-PICTURE OF A MOST BEAUTIFUL STREET.

The One Which Is Called Atlanta's Fifth Avenue—Some Facts That Are of Real Interest to Everybody.

Some marvelous stories are being told these days about Atlanta "dirt," and the lesson which all of them teach is an interesting and instructive one.

"Put your money in well selected Atlanta property," is the way that lesson is stated by the best and most observant business men "and you are certain of good returns."

It is a plain business proposition, but is one based upon a careful and conscientious study of the records of the past. And this study carried a little farther brings other results even more interesting.

Everybody in Atlanta knows the story of the marvelous growth and development of the south side. It has been but a few years—the youngest inhabitant can recall that time—since the territory south of the railroad and east of Whitehall began to attract the attention of capital. Pryor street was a mudhole, Washington and McDaniel little better. Shrewd capitalists saw that here was a territory, naturally the most beautiful about Atlanta—a territory capable of wonderful development. The Capital City Land and Improvement company was formed, the gentlemen interested devoted their time and their energies to the south side, and—well, the result is obvious.

Capitol avenue and Washington street vie with Peachtree in the number of handsome residences there, while both are undeniably prettier as streets. Then there is Georgia avenue, and all the beautiful little streets contiguous to it. Have you been out there lately? If you haven't you can form no idea of the many improvements which are being made there every day.

Capitol avenue has been called the Fifth Avenue of Atlanta just as Peachtree has been called its Euclid avenue. The people of the south side have accepted the name, and by the way, isn't it a most appropriate one?

A drive out that beautiful street will convince anybody that it is most appropriate.

At the beginning you find one or two stores, just as you find them on Fifth Avenue as you leave Broadway. But these are few, and the elegant residences begin right at once. First you find that of Major John A. Fitten, and then, on both sides, as you go along this, the most elevated of all of Atlanta's streets, you find on either side magnificent homes familiar to anybody who is at all familiar to Atlanta. There are the homes of Mr. Henry Hillier, Mr. Tucker, Dr. Kennedy, Mr. George Moore, Mr. D. A. Beale, Dr. W. Rankin, Rev. Sam Snell, Captain W. A. Wright, Mr. W. G. Richards, Judge R. T. Dorsey, Captain R. M. Clayton, Mr. George Sciple, Mr. J. M. Moore, Mr. F. Sharp, Mr. H. H. Cobb, the magnificent residence of Mr. C. T. Swift and others. These are but a few of the many, but they serve to indicate the character of the street and the neighborhood.

Opposite and a little beyond the mansion of Mr. Swift there is a tract of beautifully graded land which has been pronounced by experts the most desirable vacant land in the city. The judges who say this do not except Peachtree, West Peachtree, or any of the much-talked-about property on the northside, for no land could be more beautifully located than this.

This property is to be put upon the market at once, at an auction sale to be held on the 26th inst.

And at the same time there will be sold a tract of land farther out, which is just as desirable—some people contend that it is more so.

This is the property on the left side of the avenue, just after you cross Georgia avenue.

If you remember the lay of the land, you will recollect that this tract is very high, giving an outlook over all the surrounding territory. On the hills in front and to the left of you rises the tower of the beautiful Hebrew Orphans' Home, while in front of you are some of the prettiest homes which Atlanta contains.

As in the case of the first tract I mentioned, the neighborhood makes the property; and there is no more delightful neighborhood about Atlanta. Among the houses in the immediate vicinity are those of Messrs. Ponder, W. H. Patten, Dr. W. S. Parks, Mr. S. R. Johnson, Mr. B. H. Catching, Mr. H. H. Goldsmith, and others.

"I owned that property," said a gentleman who looked at it last Thursday, "I wouldn't sell a foot of it for less than sixty-five dollars. Hold it a year and you'll get a hundred for it. A hundred thousand people in Atlanta will make that property worth a hundred dollars a front foot, mark my words."

These gentlemen are doubtless correct about the value of the land, but it can be bought at a lower price. A conservative estimate is \$20 a front foot, but as the property is to be sold at auction sale, some of it can doubtless be bought for less than that.

There are, in all, seventeen lots to be sold. The terms given are very reasonable, one-third cash, balance in six, twelve and eighteen months; eight per cent on deferred payments.

The sale, as has been announced, takes place on next Wednesday, the 26th inst., at 3 o'clock.

Just a line in conclusion. These lots are undoubtedly among the most desirable which have ever been placed on the market here. The surroundings are beautiful; the terms easy.

If you want to buy a home, or if you want an investment, here is one chance in a thousand.

BAKING POWDERS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of pure strength and healthfulness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, adulterated, and inferior brands.

ROYAL Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, New York. At wholesale by H. C. Boynton and Shropshire & Dodd, Atlanta, Ga.

LACES, EMBROIDERIES, ETC.

Ryan's

CUSTOMERS THIS WEEK

WILL CERTAINLY GET

SOME -:- RICH -:- BARGAINS

The Following Telegram Explains Itself:

NEW YORK, February 21, 1890.

JOHN RYAN'S SONS, ATLANTA, Ga.—Advertise Big Drive in Embroideries and Laces. Gone by Express today.

STEPHEN A. RYAN.

This is the biggest deal in Laces and Embroideries ever made by a southern house. The entire stock of a large importer was scooped at prices away below the cost of manufacturing. These goods will be on sale MONDAY MORNING at prices heretofore unheard of in Atlanta.

Embroideries Narrow, Medium, Wide. Prices Unmatchable.

Laces of All Kinds, Widths and Prices.

This is the chance of your life. Avail yourself of the golden opportunity.

Our new spring goods are arriving daily. Thousands of new designs in all the latest fabrics will be ready for your inspection this week, and at prices in keeping with the well known reputation of the LEADER IN LOW PRICES.

Ryan's

NEW STOCK OF SATEENS AND GINGHAMS

ARE ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE FINEST ASSORTMENT EVER SEEN IN ATLANTA, EVERY CONCEIVABLE PATTERN, AND EVERY IMAGINABLE SHADE, CAN BE FOUND IN THOSE DEPARTMENTS, AND

At Prices That Cannot Be Equalled
SATEENS FROM 7 1-2C YARD TO 40C YARD!
GINGHAMS FROM 6 1-2C YARD TO 75C YARD!

JUST RECEIVED A CHOICE VARIETY OF FRESH, NEW

"IMPORTED FLOWER SEEDS."

At 3 Cents a Paper. Your Choice of the Following List of Seeds:

Aster (Rose)	Four-o'clock (Marvel of Peru)	Pansy (Fine Mixed)
Aster (Chinese)	Forget-me-not	Poppy (Double Carnation)
Aster (Globe)	Hollyhock (Fine Double)	Pink (Double Chinese)
Aster (Quilled)	Larkspur (Fine Double)	Pink (Double Japanese)
Castilleja (Snap Dragon)	Larkspur (Dwarf Double German)	Portulaca (Grandiflora)
Balsam (Tall)	Lupin	Petunia (Finest Mix)
Balsam (Dwarf)	Lobelia	Sweet Alyssum
Batchelor's Button	Love-lies-bleeding	Sweet Pea (Finest Mix)
Calceola	Marigold (Double African)	Sweet William
Canary Bird Flower	Marigold (Double French)	Scarf Runner
Canterbury Bells	Morning Glory (Scabiosa)	Sunflower (Russian)
Canna (Indian Shot)	Morning Glory (Convolvulus Major)	Sweet Mignonette (Grandiflora)
Candytuft	Morning Glory (Convolvulus Minor)	Ten Weeks Stock
Cockscomb	Nasturtium (Tall Tropaeolum)	Verbena (Grandiflora)
Crysanthemum	Nasturtium (Dwarf Tropaeolum)	Wild Flower Garden
Cypress Vine	Pansy (Extra Large Flower)	Zinnia (Double)
Drummed Philox		

John Ryan's Sons

ATLANTA'S EDISON.

BUT A GREATER THAN EDISON IS HERE.

How One Man's Mind Created a Million of Values and Put 3,000 People to Work in Two Years.

Atlanta has an inventor whose achievements are more wonderful than those of Mr. Thomas A. Edison. The story of his work in the last two years sounds like the wildest kind of romance until you look about and see the stubborn facts that confirm it.

Five years ago Mr. John M. Brosius came to Atlanta, broken in health and almost without money. He had made fifty thousand dollars on his inventions in Virginia and lost it in a big railroad contract in Kansas.

On the 6th of December, 1877, an idea struck him; since then it has gone around the world, and today he would not sell it for a million. Only a few days ago, Colonel Hobbs, of Sydney, offered him \$100,000 for the use of the invention in Australia, and last week a proposition came for the whole right in the German empire.

The invention is owned for the United States by a \$500,000 stock company, of which Mr. Brosius has the controlling interest. When it was first organized he sold some of his stock for real estate. The real estate went up and now he is paying for the stock.

While the factory of the Brosius Machine company was going up it was estimated that there were at work on the building, on brick,

lumber, building material and on Mr. Brosius' other inventions, including the patent axle, not less than 3,000 men. When the factory is in full operation Mr. Brosius says it will employ two thousand men and boys, and pay out not less than \$7,000 a week.

The wing which is completed is a brick building 44x150 feet, four stories high, and the main building which goes up this spring will be 44x200 feet the same height. In these immense structures there will be room for the two thousand hands who will be employed.

All this has come about in the last eighteen months. The public interest in Mr. Brosius' invention has been such that the Constitution has been publishing the story of his invention since the first of January, 1889. The public interest in the invention has been such that the Constitution has been publishing the story of his invention since the first of January, 1889.

When I went to see Mr. Brosius one day in September, 1889, he was in bed suffering from a carbuncle, hardly able to move his body. In spite of the pain he told his story and it was a wonderful one.

One day last December, said he, "my neighbor asked me why I did not turn my attention to sewing machines. I told him I didn't care for them. I must invent something to do away with that pedal motion." I said to myself: "It is killing the women." That night I could not sleep, and by morning I had the motor. That was two years ago.

Within three weeks I had secured a million dollars for all my patents on the sewing machine. I was in Chamberlain, Johnson & Co.'s store, where my machine was on exhibition, when a banker named Williams made me the offer. I would not begin to take it. I could not afford to. I know what the machine is worth.

This is only one of Mr. Brosius' inventions. He is the owner of a hundred or more patents. One of them, his wagon axle, manufactured by the Atlanta Bridge and Axle company, pays him a royalty of a dollar a set, and the concern is not able to keep up with orders at thirty-five sets a day. The shop has a capacity of 100 sets a day, and will not be able to keep up with orders at the present rate the income from that invention is over \$10,000 a year. For another invention, the compound safety rail, he was offered \$100,000 by the company, headed by General Fitzhugh Lee. Mr. Brosius was on the point of accepting it, when he was called to one side and told that he could get more from another party.

Mr. Brosius is a Virginian raised at Liberty, Bedford county, where he now has \$100,000 worth of real estate. He was born of Scotch, English and German parentage and grew up at the blacksmith's trade, then in a machine shop where he learned to make ship carpenter's tools. During the war his skill was employed in making instruments for Confederate surgeons.

On one occasion his ingenuity saved Lynchburg from General Hunter. There were only a few old men and boys in the fort when they heard that Hunter was coming. Mr. Brosius got together all the buggy springs he could and made spikes sharp iron pikes a foot long fastened to the ends of the springs and stuck up thick all around the fort and bristled above the breastworks like bayonets. Old logs were put across the river to represent cannon and General Hunter was made to believe there was a heavy force in the fort. He hung back till General Jubal Early came and left the town.

Hunter burned the machine shop at Liberty, as we went down, and after the war the inventor had to mount a locomotive. He had the luck of getting in the ditch occasionally and the hardship engineers have to undergo from accidents, but his wits to work on the compound safety rail, for which he has recently been offered such a handsome sum. It has been indicated by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Mr. Brosius says it will keep a wheel from mounting the rail even after the flange breaks off.

"My first invention of importance," said Mr. Brosius, "was a scheme to keep my mother from tearing the hide off my back. I was a chub of a boy when she took me in the room to whip me one day. I saw a bush of peachtree sprouts in the corner and I knew there was going to be trouble. I decided I would have a fight, and when mother returned from the kitchen and began to whip me I fell back. She sent for the doctor and they put me to bed, and dozed me. In about half an hour I came down stairs and sat on the steps like I was in a great deal of pain.

"How do you feel, my son," said she. "I feel pretty bad," said I. "Go up stairs and take care of yourself," said she; then she lowered her voice and added, "If you ever mention this to your father I will give you twice as much more."

I never mentioned it, and she never whipped me again. I went off and served my apprenticeship, and when I came back nineteen years old and pretty well grown, I told the joke on her. We were all sitting round the fire, and she said I might tell her I wanted to. I thought father would shake his fat sides off laughing. Then I went up and kissed her, and she said, "You are such a good boy now, I'll have to let you go."

I went back to that old place years afterward, and father and mother were both buried.

The lady told me to go into the old kitchen or anywhere about the house I pleased. It was all there as natural as could be—except father and mother. When I went into that old house and found that they were not there, I felt something rolling down my face and something else choking me that I could not swallow. I had to turn to the lady of the house and tell her about my first invention.

"My father and mother brought us up to work and be useful, and told us to make the world better and happier, if we could—not to leave it any worse. That I try to do, and I am thankful that I succeed."

"When my sewing machine came out, Governor Gordon took me by the hand and said, 'Go with me to New York and I will get you a thousand dollars for that invention.' It was so and so," said he, and wrote a check. Then he went on talking.

"I am firmly convinced that 1890 will be the greatest year of our nation's history," said he, "I say this from movements I know will come about—things I cannot speak of now."

Mr. Brosius shows his faith in Atlanta by his investments. He has \$150,000 of real estate in and about the city. Only the other day he paid \$10,000 for a piece of land in West End. The next day he was offered for \$150,000 half the same ground, and he built upon the ground. He declined because he has plans of his own. He was attracted to the place by a mineral spring which he thinks has great virtue.

Like Edison, Mr. Brosius prizes first impressions. Looking at something, an invention suggests itself. He does it down on paper, and sometimes I find them and get up in the middle of the night to mark them down.

Mr. Brosius was listening to a phonograph the other day and discovered a defect. Almost immediately the remedy came into his mind. "I can't say anything about it now," said he, "except that it will make the instrument much more efficient."

"Have you ever done anything with electricity?" I have made a few machines. One day I was talking to a deaf operator in Virginia, and he turned to me and said, "John, make me a telegraph instrument."

I made him what we dubbed 'the tilt hammer.' He could rest his arm on the table and let it touch his hand, or any part of his body, and telegrams as well as anyone. I went to another office and called him up. I found he could take messages with perfect ease. He took the instrument with him wherever he went.

Mr. Brosius is now at work on a cotton gin and other important inventions. He will discuss his life in one of our future issues, but he does not let his inventions worry him. He began life as a locksmith's forge, then in the machine shop, then as a locomotive man, he is a millionaire. Still he works with his hands and is as expert as ever with his hammer. After such a record as that what cannot a young man do in this free country?

W. G. COOPER.

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Two blocks of Kimball house, \$16,000.
 KER STREET, 5 ROOM COTTAGE
 100x200 feet, bargain; \$4,500.
 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF G
 Georgia avenue, 60x150 feet, \$2,700.
 YOR STREET LOT, WEST SIDE, N
 Georgia avenue, 50x160 feet, \$1,350.
 ORGIA AVENUE LOT, NEAR PE

Street, 50 feet front, \$1,250.

EASIER STREET LOT, 50x100 FEET.....

Georgia avenue lot, 50x170 feet.....

er street, corner lot, 50x160 feet.....

er street lot, 58x200 feet.....

City street lot, 50x100 feet.....

er and Pratt, corner lot.....

t, near Gilmer street, lot.....

er street, near Georgia avenue, lot 98x185.....

land avenue lot, 60x140.....

Street lot, 50x100.....
STRAL RESIDENCE PROPERTY. PA
 3 per cent; \$7,000.
STRAL MARIETTA STREET BRICK HO
 of 100 feet front, through to Walton st
 100.
MARIETTA STREET LOT, FRONTING ON
 Marietta street and W. & A. R. R., co
 40 feet, near in: \$5,500.

RIETTA AND WALTON STREET, 50 F
on each street, near in; \$5,000.
CRES, NEAR GRANT PARK AND DU
ne, \$6,000.
ORGIA AVENUE, 4 ROOMHOUSE, COR
ot; \$500 cash, \$400 in six months and bal
monthly; only \$1,325.
E DEMAND CONTINUES GOOD FOR
kinds of city property at reasonable pr

property placed in our hands will be promptly submitted to persons desiring to purchase. Call in and give description of property for quick sale. Krouse & Welch, No. 2 King Street, Wall Street.

\$250 ONLY FOR THE FINEST FIRST
room residence, close in. Bel-
sidewalks, etc. Less than a block
my line. Large lot. This is a bargain.
I will buy 2 lots 50x150 each. Lay nicely.
ect neighborhood. The cheapest on the m-
et. Convenient to two car lines. A barg-
only for Georgia avenue corner lot, one b-
rom dummy.

only for 20 acres of land near Van Winkle works.
or a beautiful lot on Formwalt st. A
te for a home.
for neat 7-room residence on Hunter
lose in. Corner lot. Gas, water, etc.
ons, Condit, etc. lot 50x150

for beautiful Ellis st. lot. Choice neighborhood.
only for handsome 7-room residence in Capitol ave.
only for 7-room residence. Spring electric line. Gas, water, etc. Corner lot for beautiful home in West End. Large lot for an elegant home on Forest ave., near machine. Modern improvements.

will buy the most desirable corner lot on Alton Electric line.

for handsome 7-room Capitol ave. residence large s. w. corner lot. Stable and outbuildings. Half cash, balance \$35 a month.
for a new and well-built 6-room residence new st. Shady side.
for 2 new 3-room houses renting to wantants at \$12 a month.
factory sites on G. F., W. & A., E. T., V. & R. and R. & D. Railroads. Bargain price property. Call early.

Morrison, Real Estate Agent, No. 45 E
Hunter Street.

...H. AND 10 NICE LOTS, EACH 50x100, 1
...Highland avenue and Houston str
...and see it; money in this; \$3,500.

H. ON GRANT STREET, JUST FINISH
fine style; east view; large lot; easy ter
heap at \$2,000.

VE BARGAINS IN ATLANTA DIRT F
from the laborer to the millionaire. Plea
d see me if you want to buy, sell or c
3.

H. NEWLY PAINTED: HAS GAS A

H. AND FINE LOT NEAR EAST TENNESSEE
shops; good neighborhood; easy payment

RE OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL SO. MOUL
lots, 100x190, for \$1,500. That is cheap.
the last week for \$1,650, and the owner
\$2,000 for it now. Moral: Buy at once
H. ON CONNALLY STREET, NEAR FA
et; paved street and good sidewalk;
\$2,000 will buy this home, and will ta
garden or acre property near the city in pe
nt. If you want something near in co
at this

SHADY LOTS ON HAYGOOD STREET
Capitol avenue; must be sold this week
in this, all for \$800.

I'VE GOT IT ON THE LIST, AND YOU'
s it if you don't call soon—a nice 5-
n West End for \$2,000.

SELL YOU THAT LOVELY LOT
er, next to the corner of Rawson street,

3,000, EASY PAYMENT, YOU CAN GET
 need to that handsome lot on Rawson street
 corner of Cooper. There is a stable on
 st about \$800. Please call and see about
 Remember the No., 45 East Hunter street

& E. B. Woodward, Real Estate
Brokers, 5 W. Alabama Street.

00-46 LOTS, OVERLOOKING LITTLE
Switzerland, on drive to Soldiers
-22-room houses; rent for \$10 per mo.
-7-room houses W. Peachtree; lot 50x11
-4-room house; rents for \$120 per year.
-4-room house and two lots Crumley st.
00 BUSINESS LOT ON MITCHELL

00 st., near Whitehall; 46'x108.
4-r house Chattahoochee st.
6 houses, rent for \$42 per month.

00 2-STORY HOUSE, LOT 72x150, O
W. Peachtree st.

CASH, \$15 PER MONTH, FOR NEW
room house, near Marietta st.

00 2- AND 4-R HOUSE ON FRAZIE
CASH \$1450.

00 NEW 8-R HOUSE ON ANGIE
ave.; a lovely home; large lot.
—8-r house, Markham st.

00 2 COTTAGES, 147 FEET ON RAW
son st., near Winsor st.
—new 4-r house, W. Fair st.
—lot 53x150, on Angier ave.
—lot 72x200, fronts Grant's park.
—lot 60x200, near dunnamy line.

lots, 42x200, Washington st.
lots, 50x200, Washington st.
lot 42x90, on Decatur st.
lot 49x200, Capitol ave.

CASH AND BALANCE MONTHLY
will buy lot near Marietta st.
lot within 50 feet of glassworks,
lot at E. T. V., and G. shops.
lot 50x175 on, Crew st.

LOTS ON CURRAN STREET, 400 FT
from Boyd & Baxter's.
-lot Angier avenue, on electric cars.
-6 lots near Pine and Fowler sts.
-10 acres near West End.
DAIRY FARMS.
-10 acres two miles from Norcross.
-150 acres, one mile from Decatur.

TO \$600 PER ACRE IN TRACTS OF
to 20 acres, 1/4 mile from city.

A detailed black and white line drawing of a three-masted sailing ship, likely a clipper, shown from a side-on perspective. The ship is depicted on a choppy sea, with its sails partially set. Each sail is labeled with text indicating cargo or destination. The topmast sails are labeled 'ART GOODS' and 'JAPANESE MATTINGS'. The mainmast sails are labeled 'LIVERPOOL' and 'TO ATLANTA'. The foremast sails are labeled 'CHINA MATTINGS' and 'CORTICANE & LINOLEUM'. A small flag flies from the top of the mainmast. The ship's hull is dark, and the overall style is that of a 19th-century engraving. The text 'FROM JOHN CROSSLEY & SONS' is visible on the right side of the ship, and 'ATLANTA, ENG.' is written at the bottom right of the image.

M. RICH & BROS., 54 AND 56 WHITEHALL AND 14, 16 AND 18 EAST HUNTER STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

